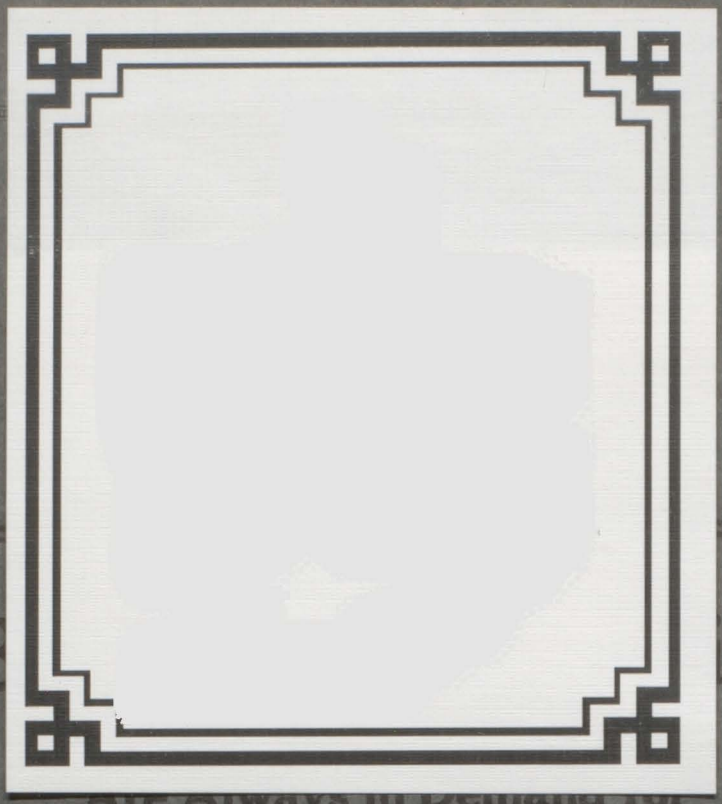


STUDENT
XMAS '17



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JANUARY 7, 1918

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THE STUDENT

CHRISTMAS · 1917



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PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

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Juniors

MARY HAMLIN HELEN BARRETT

Seniors

DOROTHY TENNANT AMOS SNYDER

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Miss Northrup

Mrs. Nelson

Miss Hartsig

Mr. Hungerford

Mr. McIntosh

Miss Hovey

Miss Mueller

Miss Howard

To Our New Teachers

An expression in appreciation of their interest and their kindly effort for us and for our school. At this Christmas time we extend to them our most sincere goodwill and friendship.

A
lit-
t l e
t r e e,
t h i s i s
y o u s e e
one of the
best kind too;
a Christmas tree
and it is free, to
every one of you, and
although, kind friend, on this
tree we send, no presents rich
and rare, please be so kind and
bear in mind in wish the gifts
are there, and so we wish all those
we reach that 1918 will be, a
bringer of prosperity, in a
larger quantity—to
every reader of
T
H
E
STUDENT



MERRY CHRISTMAS

The "Student" wishes you all a Merry Christmas. We have worked hard, we have done much, you have helped greatly. If this book does not approach your expectations, console yourselves, you expected too much. If it rises above your wildest hopes, rejoice. In either case criticism or praise will be gladly met and gratefully received. We have tried to do our best, few can do more.

CHRISTMAS

"Peace on earth, good will toward men." How much more significant than ever before! Our country has been reborn, filled with a new spirit, and we are proud that she is the champion of all that is good and just. At this Christmas time she is shedding her light of liberty over a gloomy, sullen world and sending cheer into the hearts of many oppressed. Let us thank God that we have been permitted to live and grow beneath stars of freedom and stripes of truth and justice, and in thanking, express our sincere appreciation, not simply by words, but also by deeds. The true joy of giving comes from placing a gift where it is needed most. Our country needs all that we can give, ours is the happy privilege and joy of giving.—EDITOR.

MORNING CHAPEL

"I think that a Morning Chapel would be one of the finest ideas you could possibly advance. There are few large high schools in which such an organization is not established. What do you think of it?" The ring of challenge, the sincerity were unmistakable, the speaker well known to all students. A Chapel? A few Bible verses, a brief talk, a short prayer, an early appeal to the higher and finer things of life. What more wholesome method could be originated for beginning a day of hard work!

We believe that Christianity is especially designed for strong, virile, intelligent men and women, that it is conducive to lofty ideals, that it should be a determining factor in the development and working-out of these aspirations, that it is the source of all true happiness.

With these few underlying fundamentals in view we can but think of the gradual, refreshing, uplifting change that might take place in the aptitudes, habits and morals of the entire student body. Five minutes in each session room in the morning devoted to sincere thought, an inspiration to all that's clean and fine.

There could be no harm in trying it, there might be some good. Why not?—EDITOR.

How much of this "Student" is yours? Do you think it is worth while? This paper is your paper, it represents the school. To make any effort effective, there must be co-operation. Then, if your school publication is to be in any way successful, you must lend your honest effort, for each has his part to perform. Have you done yours?

THE BIG BROTHER MOVEMENT

Upperclassmen attention! Did you ever pause to think how much you valued to have an older person discuss things with you, give you suggestions, or lend a helping hand when you were in doubt? If it hadn't been for such a person would-

n't some of you have failed often thru carelessness and indifference? How long were you in school before any person showed a spark of human interest in you and your affairs and how did you feel? Think!

I was a Freshman once myself, one of the many poor, timid, scared Freshmen. The teachers "balled us" out and called us stupid. The big boys made fun of us, their help was no help at all. Nobody seemed to care. Our sun, which we had expected to dazzle, rapidly sunk beneath the clouds. Did we enjoy high school? Surely not. How often we wished that those important upperclassmen would help a little, talk to us like fellow beings instaed of babies! How much a little encouragement and advice would have meant!

Life for lowerclassmen is still very much unchanged. Why should it be so? The whole world is changing, not retrogressing but progressing High school and the work involved is our world. We learn theory, we live realities. We are given opportunities, the nucleus. The development, the embellishment, all the rest is our task in which we can either succeed or fail. If we, ourselves, advance in any way, then our world will also, in some way. Have we and has it? That is the question.

Each student has a faculty advisor who is supposed to take a personal interest in him. This system has many fine aspects, but, too, its faults are evident. That a teacher can be absolutely congenial and a person in whom one may fearlessly confide, is often, to many, especially lowerclasmen, an utter impossibility. To persons who do not know them well, a teacher doesn't always seem quite human. Also, the system has little effect on the immediate life of the student.

As a remedy we wish to advance the Big Brother movement, an organization, which, if managed rightly, cannot but create an atmosphere of good fellowship and helpfulness. Do not think that this is all mere theory. There has been no similar idea developed and practiced so successfully as this. It is fact.

An organization whose impelling motive shall be the desire to make high school life an enjoyable privilege instead of an irksome duty, to make tasks lighter by sincere assistance and aid, to give good, wholesome advice and expend honest effort. An organization, we say, whose action will be concert-

ed and unified, whose aims and motives shall never be in doubt.

What a stimulating effect this would have on the school in general, you may judge for yourselves. How many pupils might be saved to the school who would otherwise leave it. How scholarship would be raised. Spirit, the various school activities, the morale would be doubtlessly filled with new invigorating life.

We have mentioned but few of the benefits that might be derived from such an organization. There is no doubt as to the need. In what better way could we fill the need?

What do you think about it?—EDITOR.

SPIRIT

Who said that we have no spirit? Hold us back before we light upon him and his pessimistic cynicism with spiteful, weighty vengeance. We have assisted wonderfully in Liberty Loan campaigns. Perhaps you did not know that some of the live ones raised thousands for our country. Sixty-five fellows have pledged ten dollars apiece, six hundred and fifty dollars for the "Y" War Fund. Our athletics have been full of "pep" and fire. Our organizations are filled with earnest, progressive, live wires. No spirit? Then what is spirit? Enthusiasm is contagious. Ours is bursting its bonds and carrying to lofty heights, real life and scholarship.—EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF 1917

The Port Huron High School can well boast of as fine a group of young people, as can be found in any similar school in the country.

We are justly proud of our High.

However, no school can maintain itself without a true and lofty spirit. In other words the morale of the school must be high and noble throughout.

We talk about the spirit of 1776 but the spirit of 1917 is quite as unique. Never has our country faced such gigantic

problems as those of today and never before has the Republic responded so generously.

And why this spirit?

Because back of it there stands ideals as real and tangible as any part of matter, and matter is anything we can see.

When we think of our high school boys at the camps and at the front, when we see nearly every boy in our high earning $10.00 for the Army Y. M. C. A.—it is the spirit of 1917—everyone doing his bit. Freedom, justice, truth and liberty are no mean things.

The War cannot end until a conclusive military victory has been won and the Spirit of 1917 is going to make the world safe for democracy once and forever.

Should America have kept out of the war?

No, not when our mothers and sisters would be the subjects of the enemies ravagings and outrages.

The spirit of 1917 will conquer.

We thank God for free country, free schools, free speech, free air, free religion but we would be very selfish if we did not covet it for others. Every one at home should help to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." A new oath of allegiance needs to be taken for country, home and school and to each we need to be loyal and true. The age should be one of seriousness. Let us be loyal, honest, true, dependable citizens of the U. S. A. carrying with us the Spirit of 1917.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

—REV. RALPH CRISSMAN, D. D.

BLACK ART

In the summer when the days are hot,
Hard coal then is easily got.
In the winter when the days are cold,
One ton is worth its weight in gold.
So, does it not seem strange to you,
That when you want a ton or two
The dealer then makes this reply,
"We'll have it for you by July."

—BERT MacFADDEN.

Honor Roll

FRESHMEN

Francis Appel
May Denharst
Donald Ross—All A's
Jack Taylor—All A's
Eleanore Meisel
Ruth Schurch
Gertrude Tennant
Mary Van Valkenburg
Eva Warner
Lillian Warden
Marguerite Boardman
Mavis Warner
Elizabeth Hartleib
George McInnis
Frances Smith
Kenneth DeGraw
George Gillesby—All A's

SOPHOMORES

Eugene Lewis
Marie Maurer—All A's
Lena Whybrew
Frances Moore
Blanche Warren
Maud Jones
Marion Stewart
Albert Hogan
Chas. Taylor
Alice Losie
Alfred Browning
William Hill
Leona Little
Jessie Purkess
Paul Brown
Alice West

JUNIORS

George Silhavy
Hazel Howell
Beth Gillesby
Greta Roberts
Frances Smith
Mildred Smith

SENIORS

Edna Clemens
Nina Pratt
Marie Schweitzer
Blanche Hull
Mildred Little
Vivian Frink
Clele Matheison
Marjorie Ballentine
Alice Makelim
Amos Snyder
Virginia Elliott
Rosamonde Hopkins
Lois Cochran
Violet Crawford
Herbert Little
Arthur Hamlin
Warren Simms
Robert Farr
Grace Farbrother

Honor Roll for all students with average standing above 90. All A's—above 95.

Our Editor

—Or—

THE DECEPTIVENESS AND INADEQUACY OF WORDS

My mind is in no way capable of comprehending the monstrous responsibilities devolving upon the shoulders of the editor of this publication, so that the conception that I wish to present to you of that officer is very slight. The following discourse that I will disclose to you, upon this momentous and vital question will be brief—for lack of words. In fact the general conglomeration of natural and unnatural elements composing the mind and character of an editor can only be grasped, not by the ordinary, but only by those endeared by long friendship with the Economic's class of Mr. Anderson. Has our noble editor been favored with hereditary advantages or must his success be laid at the door of environment? Were we to fathom this all important question, our reward would be gained only through intimate connection with this master mind. But could we to the slightest degree keep pace? Could we for a moment endure the overburdening stress and strain of responsibilities that weigh so heavily upon him? We could not achieve what years of toil and perseverance have wrought in this man. His charitable benefits bestowed upon the Detroit United Railway Co., and the Bricker Drug Co., would immortalize for him a page in history; and therefore do we devote and dedicate these few lines to mark his resting place.

Here he lies with men of fame,
For there's no great loss without small gain.

—PHILIP D. AMADON.

There was a young fellow named Tappan,
Always wishing for something to happen,
'Till one day he saw a skirt,
And found it was his Girt;
And that ended the search of young Tappan.

HOW THE CHRIST-FLOWER BLOOMED

First Prize

Dark was the sky that Christmas Eve,
The heavy clouds hung low;
The charcoal burner scarce could trace
His pathway through the snow.

Black Forest trees stood thick and tall,
Black Forest drifts were deep;
Yet light of heart he hastens home
The Christmas Feast to keep.

A cheese of goats' milk, coarse black bread—
The morrow's scanty meal,
From prying frost and envious sleet
He struggled to conceal.

He stumbled on, when through the blast
A piteous cry was heard,
And close beside him, heaped in snow,
A wailing infant stirred.

"Now, who has laid thee here, sweet babe,
To perish in the storm?
'Tis Christmas Eve, I'll take thee home,
My cloak shall wrap thee warm."

The tiny creature, as he spoke,
He gathered to his breast,
And there beyond, his cottage shone,
In Christmas firelight dressed.

Within the good wife's tender arms
The shivering waif was set,
And Children's faces bent above,
And eyes with pity wet.

Warm and content, the stranger babe
Gazed wondering o'er the room,

And spied at last the children's tree,
A Christmas rose in bloom.

Eager they ran to show the lights,
And round their treasure pressed,
When lo; a glimmering cloud of mist
Enrapped the wondrous guest.

On silver, shining wings he rose,
His fair head bore a crown,
And vanishing, with baby hands
He wafted blessings down.

Next morning where amid the snows
The babe had made his bed,
Fair as a star, and dazzling white
The Christ-Flower raised its head.

They bore it home, and every year
In depths of winter wild,
Within that cot chrysanthemums bloom
Where came the Holy Child.

—MARTHA HOCHLEITNER.

FAVORITE HYMNS

ASHFORD MENO—Yield not to Temptation.

LE VANGE KIMBALL—Never Alone.

EMERY STRINGER—What Wilt Thou Have Me Do?

LOUIS KLEINSTIVER—I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

ROY TUTTLE—In a Little While We're Going Home.

GRACE KISHPAUGH—I Know He's Mine.

FLORENCE FLEMING—Study to Show Thyself Approved.

BEATRICE GRAY—Faithful Unto Death.

MARIE SCHWEITZER—He is Mine, I am His.

Ashford Meno in American History class comparing a modern town with a New England town.

Ashford—"To be a member of a town one didn't have to live on the street."

Finding Himself

First Prize

Tea at the Ritz is hardly the place to bring out one's character. In fact characters are quite passe with the dazzling throng that comes at four and orders caviare sandwiches and Orange Pekoe. Consequently none of these exquisitely gowned, perfectly groomed women, nor the so-called men with them possessed characters visibly. Hugh Winton might have, if Society had not enslaved him.

He was not the usual type that goes for tea daily, not the dandified, simpering, well manicured kind, but an out-door sort of a fellow—tall, developed, muscular. In colege he had made the Varsity. Since then, Society had made him. He had been sought out, elaborately dined, honored by functions, bowed to, knelt to. An incessant whirl engulfed him, carried him on, away from any ambitious desires, aims, which might once have been his. And now, after two years, he was content to have it so.

The glow of innumerable soft-shaded lights, the scent of flowers and perfumes, the alert, quiet-moving waiters, and above all, the people—the sea of faces which greeted him, were all familiar to Hugh, as he came in this afternoon, Eugenie Forbes with him.

A string orchestra played a dashing little Bohemian dance, while they were being seated.

"I love that thing" said Eugenie listening. "I've forgotten whose it is."

"Brahms," answered Hugh.

'You'd know, of course. Why you aren't a long haired fanatic, living on a crust of bread, and producing sublime discords, has always been rather puzzling to me.'"

"Well, I thought I would go in for that stuff, once, you know. I've always liked it. Never got around to it, tho."

"You're so busy!" Eugenie laughed. "You can feast your musical soul tonight—the war relief concert. An awful bore, I imagine."

Hugh only replied something about the "bully muffin" he was then buttering.

Soon they left——Hugh leaving Eugenie to her masseuse with whom she had an appointment before dinner.

That evening, Society gathered in the music room of a pompous old dowager to hear a Belgian violinist—blinded now by German shell fire, but still possessing that indomitable spirit of his people.

As he bent his head over his violin, and the first deep tones reached his audience, a hush, silent as death, fell over the room.

The music rose. It leaped into being. It became the cry of the suffering, agonized, tortured. It was the voice of little Belgium, bleeding, mutilated. It told the story of homes shattered to brick-dust, desecrated womanhood, starving, terrified children,—this, the story of the Blond Beasts' onslaught. And then, as light breaks through the night, came the answer of Man for right, freedom, humanity, Christ.

* * * *

Eugenie, lazily opening her eyes a little after ten the next morning, found by her bedside, a boxful of delightfully fragrant violets. And on Hugh's card was written:

"Have enlisted. The music somehow got me last night. Will try to be a man now."

Eugenie did not wonder. She knew.

—ROSAMONDE HOPKINS.

A POEM

It rains without,
'Tis dark and cold,
The stars have failed to shine;
The blues squeeze out
With grappling bold
The thoughts for which I pine.

My sad heart yearns,
My poor head burns,
The clock strikes half past twelve;
But still I sit,
With not one wit
Upon my upper shelve.

Oh! who can tell
The wretchedness
Of one so poorly blessed.
Oh! he knows well
The fickleness
Of thoughts when so addressed.

Success means work
However much,
Ideals are often dreams,
We should not shirk
But if we're such
Our's will not be the cream.

* * * * * * * * * * *

These times of strife
Are strangely frought
With sacrifice and love,
Some give their life,
And others ought
To bring to earth the dove.

Democracy,
World's brightest hope,
Is asking you for aid
Over the sea,
At home, we'll cope
For ideals we have made.

There's little wrong
When most all's right
And so why the delay.
We'll labor long
With God's true might
And make the Kaiser pay.

—W. H. SIMMS.

Mrs. Nelson in Sixth Hour History class—"I see some of you are absent today."

Latin vs. Football

Second Prize

Dick Willson dressed, ate, studied, and went to bed in a trance and all for the magic words Coach Dickson had said that afternoon, "The following boys have been chosen after much consideration on my part and that of assistant-coach Evans, and it is our belief that these boys will make one of the finest teams in this state, Harry Horton, quarterback; Jim Dawson, full back; Jack Perkins, right half back; Dick Willson, left half."

That was all he heard and, "the sooner he gets to bed the better for him" was the sentiment of the whole family and of all those he came in contact with for the rest of the day. To think he had gotten on the team when there were such good fellows to pick from, was his sentiment, however.

The next afternoon they had another practice and things seemed to be getting along all right when Harry Horton began arguing with the coach over a certain play. The boys crowded around and eagerly listened, as they all secretly wondered at Harry having nerve enough to dispute Dickson, who, although very popular among the boys, was very strict and required implicit obedience. Suddenly the coach stepped back and in a rasping voice said, "That will be all for today. You may go to your lockers."

The boys were very much disgusted at this and as they were dressing, there was much growling and many expressions as, "Harry might have kept his mouth shut." "He might have known better than to dispute Dickson." "Serve him right if he couldn't play in the game Saturday." However, these were quickly silenced at the entrance of the coach. "Boys," he began, glancing around at their sullen faces, "probably some of you have wondered how you made the team when there were so many heavier and seemingly better players tried out. Well, this year Evans and I have chosen on the merit and honesty of the player rather than on his weight. We have watched you all and no matter how good a player you were, if there was the slightest unfairness, your chances as a football player were lost immediately. Now, when we tell you you made a

mistake, whether you did or not, there is to be no arguing, because we treat that in the same manner as foul play. 'Yours is not to reason why, Yours is but to do and die.' And in the matter of studies, there are some of you who are pretty low and I warn you to get busy and do them fairly too. You know the training rules so I guess that is about all, but let me tell you for the last time that these rules are all very serious, and if any were broken I don't know which we would regard the worst. I hope you will all prove yourselves worthy of the faith we have in you."

It was three weeks later and two hard games had been played with the encouraging score, 13-7, the first, and 7-0, the second, both of course, in favor of Western. It was about 5:30 o'clock on a Thursday afternoon when Dick Willson dropped into a seat on a car homeward bound. He had been campaigning for Liberty Bonds all afternoon, as on acount of rainy weather football practice was abandoned. One of the biggest games of the season was to take place on Saturday at Harden, a neighboring town and it was with much excitement that it was awaited as the Harden team was much heavier and had beaten Western the two previous years. However there was "one fly in the ointment" and that was that three boys were down in Latin and unfortunately Dick was among them. Mr. Warren and Mr. Hill, the Latin "profs." had agreed to give the monthly tests on Friday instead of Monday, look over the players' papers and let them know how they came out and it was on this one straw that their chances hung. As Dick sat pondering over the game and doing his best to keep awake, he heard two voices droning behind him, which were strangely familiar. "I wonder who they are," he said to himself, not daring to turn around, and then suddenly, "Bless me! if it isn't old Warren and Hilly." Then unconsciously he began to listen.

"Page thirteen, chapter I, translate lines 33-41; page 36 chapter II, lines 7-10; I guess we can fix the construing later, eh Hill? I think that will be long enough, and oh yes, something in prose. How about chapter I, first paragraph?" The voices stopped suddenly and Jim, looking out of the window, saw them get off the car.

It was in the same unconscious way that he had listened, that he studied that night, "page 13, chapter I" and so forth, and that he also took his test the next morning. The day was

so crowded that he hadn't time to realize what he had done, until that evening when the phone rang and he heard the deep voice of Mr. Hill saying, "Is that you Richard? I have just let Mr. Dickson know that you passed the test on a mark of 92, and I congratulate you sir. I wish you all sorts of success tomorrow. Goodnight." Suddenly, then, it came to him what he had really done, and instead of going to a party as he had intended to, he stayed home and "crammed." But when he went to bed he was still undecided as to what to do. If he stayed out, the game was lost, and if he went in, his sense of honor was lost, so the question was **which was the worst!**

It was not, however, until the next morning that he decided and then like oil on troubled water came the words of Dickson, "I hope you will all prove yourselves worthy of the faith we have in you."

The boys would leave in half an hour and he was all ready to go, but if he caught Dickson it would have to be right away, and in about two seconds his family heard the astonishing conversation, "Is that you Dickson? Well, this is Dick and I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to play Roberts in my place. No, it's not my ankle, you'll understand when I explain, sir, and I'll try and make the finish."

Not waiting to explain to his surprised parents he grabbed his suit case and threw himself into his father's roadster, which he used on Saturdays, and exceeding the speed limit at not less than ten miles, he sped around to Professor Hill's house and surprised that noble dignitary as he was leaving for the train. "Professor Hill," he said quickly, "I cheated on that test, and I would like you to give me another one. I can finish it, you correct it, and we'll probably make Harden for the finish." Then more quickly he told the story and at the finish the professor said, shaking his hand in a mighty grip, "It is with the greatest pleasure I do this." And without another word he led him into the house.

It was the last quarter, five more minutes to play, Harden's ball, and the score 7-6 in favor of Harden. Coach Dickson, storming on the side lines said, "No chance in a thousand. Worst thing could have happened for Dick of all persons to have dropped out. Knew he wasn't dependable, but you must have him on the team." This crossly to Evans standing dejectedly near, "Well, what the devil—" this to a figure in the blue

suit of Western, which came running towards him followed by Professor Hill.

"Call time and send Roberts out" the person who was Dick Willson said quickly, and throwing his blanket at the feet of Dickson he was on the field and taking the headgear from the astonished Roberts. At sight of the figure running down the field, the blue and white rooters, who had been comparatively quiet, burst into yells that had not been revealed in the history, which not only cheered their team, but even rattled the Harden team so, that before anyone really understood what had happened, the ball, which at his entrance had been twenty yards from the Harden goal, was now in the hands of Jim Dawson, the swiftest man on the team and within thirty yards of the Western goal. "Go it Western!" "Hold 'em Dick!" "Touchdown Jim!" "Touchdown Western!" came in an excited burst from the Western rooters, but he was finally downed fifteen yards from the goal. They made the next ten yards with a successful forward pass and a penalty for Harden greatly helping them, but then came the hardest part of all, the last five yards. Third down and two yards to make, and one minute to play. In the silence that hung over the field, one lone voice was heard, "Show 'em Dick!" and then the suspense continued for from the line up it was shown that a forward pass was to be attempted. The referee blew his whistle, the signals were given, and for one moment the ball was in the air and then Dick made a grab for it. He fumbled! Was the ball lost? The people in the grandstand couldn't see who was at the bottom of the human pile but as they got up, the Blue and White broke into one last victorious cheer for Dick had the ball. The whistle blew before the goal was kicked, and the score stood 12-7 in favor of Western.

A few minutes later, Dick, on the shoulders of some of the boys, was in as much of a trance as the day when he found out he was on the team, but as he passed the beaming Professor Hill, he cried, "An eighty-one is better than a ninety-two sometimes."

FINIS

—FRANCES SMITH.

In reading and scanning Chaucer, Miss Northrup asked Mr. Farr to scan the line and think of the metre.

Mr. Farr—"Shall I take it by the feet?"

MIND REVERIE

They told me I must write a poem,
Oh, goodness, gracious me.
How can I ever write a poem?
I am so much at sea.

They told me that it must be long,
Some three, four sheets or so,
For they are in great need of length
To make the "Student" go.

The subject matter, Oh dear me,
Whatever was there said?
Was it about the war and things?
Oh mercy! my poor head.

I wonder if it must have plot
Or if rimed words will do?
How very, very glad I'll be
When I at last am through.

They said our poems must be in
Without much more delay,
But when they come to collect mine
Whatever will I say?

At last the fatal day has come,
The last chance for the slow.
I'll have to throw up both my hands
And surrender to the foe.

—H. VOGELEI.

I'm in a 10-der mood today,
I feel poetic 2,
4 fun I'll just — off a line
And send it off 2 U.
I'm sorry you've been 6 o long,
Don't be disconsol8;
But bear your ills with 42de,
And they won't seem so gr8.

Fundamentals of Real Patriotic Service

The following is an extract of a letter recently received by our school from H. P. McKain of the Adjutant General's Office of the War Department:

"Perhaps the most glaring fault noted in aspirants to the Officers' Reserve Corps and one that might be corrected by proper attention in our high schools, preparatory schools and colleges, might be characterized by the general word "Slouchiness." I refer to what might be termed a mental and physical indifference. I have observed at camp many otherwise excellent men who have failed because in our school system sufficient emphasis is not placed upon the avoidance of this mental and physical handicap. In the work of the better Government Military Schools of the world this slackness in thought, presentation and bearing is not tolerated because the aim of all military training is accuracy. At military camps throughout the country mental alertness, accuracy in thinking and acting, clearness in enunciation, sureness and ease of carriage and bearing must be insisted upon, for two reasons; that success may be assured as nearly as human effort can guarantee it with the material and means at hand, and that priceless human lives may not be criminally sacrificed. Only by the possession of the qualities referred to does one become a natural leader.

"A great number of men have failed at camp because of inability to articulate clearly. A man who cannot impart his idea to his command in clear distinct language, and with sufficient volume of voice to be heard reasonably far, is not qualified to give commands upon which human life will depend. Many men disqualified by this handicap might have become officers under their country's flag had they been properly trained in school and college. It is to be hoped therefore that more emphasis will be placed upon the basic principles of elocution in the training of our youth. Even without prescribed training in elocution a great improvement could be wrought by the instructors in our schools and colleges, regardless of the subject, insisting that all answers be given in a loud, clear, well-rounded voice; which, of course, necessitates the opening

of the mouth and free movement of the lips. It is remarkable how many excellent men suffer from this handicap, and how almost impossible it is to correct this after the formative years of life.

"In addition to this physical disability and slouchiness is what might be termed the slouchiness of mental attitude. Many men fail to measure up to the requirements set for our Officers' Reserve because they have not been trained to appreciate the importance of accuracy in thinking. Too many schools are satisfied with an approximate answer to a question. Little or no incentive is given increased mental effort to coordinate one's ideas and present them clearly and unequivocally. Insistence upon decision in thought and expression must never be lost sight of. This requires eternal vigilance on the part of every teacher. It is next to impossible for military instructors to do much to counteract the negligence of schools in this regard. This again has cost many men their commission at camp. Three months is too short a time in which to teach an incorrigible "beater-about-the-bush" that there is but one way to answer a question oral or written, and that is positively, clearly and accurately. The form of the oral answer in our schools should be made an important consideration of instruction.

"I have further noted at camp that even some of our better military schools have turned out products that while many of them may have the bearing of a soldier in ranks, yet their carriage is totally different as soon as they "fall out." Schools, military and non-military, should place more insistence upon the bearing of pupils all the time. It should become a second nature with them to walk and carry themselves with the bearing of an officer and a gentleman. This again is a characteristic that cannot be acquired in a short time and, when coupled with other disqualifying elements has mitigated against the success of men in training camps.

"As a last important element that seems to me has been lacking in the moral and mental make-up of some of our students here is the characteristic of grit. Not that they would have proven cowardly in battle, necessarily, but some have exhibited a tendency to throw up the sponge upon the administration of a severe rebuke or criticism. Their "feelings have been hurt" and they resign. They have never been taught the true spirit of subordination. They are not ready for the rough edges of life.

The true training school should endeavor to inculcate that indomitable spirit that enables one to get out of self, to keep one's eyes fixed upon the goal rather than upon the roughness of the path, to realize that one unable to rise above the knocks of discipline cannot hope to face with equanimity the tremendous responsibilities of the officer under modern conditions of warfare. This ideal of grit belongs in the school room as well as upon the campus."

THE ROYAL ORDER OF NIGHT OWLS

The Great-Horned Muck-a-Muck -	Robert Farr
The Royal Hooter - - - -	Gordon Hill
Custodian of the Tables - - -	Gordon Maitland
Keeper of the Purse - - - -	Philip Amadon
Lord All Nut - - - - -	Irvin Pollock
The Exalted Dupe - - - -	Ashford Meno
Joker - - - - - - -	D. J. McColl

We're out all night,
Our law is right,
From Muck-a-Muck to Joker.
Night's vigils keep,
While others sleep,
No greater game than poker.

And fair girls, too,
There's just a few,
What matters it to us.
There's Mitchell Place,
And Helen's case,
The rest we do not fuss.

Our dues we pay,
Most every day,
Red Cross and Navy League.
Five cents, not much,
Will can the Deutsch,
And keep just what we need.

—W. H. SIMMS.

Clele Matheison sez, "I took an awful drop in history: fell from 100 to 99."



Smile?



"Four of a kind"



"Machine Guy" CORBIN



Queen of Hearts



"Old Ironsides"



"Wonderful Boys"



Time!



"Lucky Dog"

SIGNALS!





Future Presidents

THE YANKEE BOYS ARE COMING

Do you hear the people cheering, see the crowds go marching by?
Do you see Old Glory waving, waving to the sky?
Do you know why they are marching to the music of the drum?
They are going off to France to fight the Hun.

Dear old Europe lies bleeding, so something must be done
To stop the mighty slaughter and settle with the Hun.
So the Yankee boys are going, and they know they're in the right,
And you know Old Glory has never lost a fight.

—ALICE MAKELIM.

A CHRISTMAS "JINGLE"

C, stands for cheers which our Sammies will receive,
When from the German people, Kaiser "Bill" they relieve.
H, stands for Hoover who saves our food each day,
That we might hold out longer in this hard and strenuous fray.
R, stands for reason which Kaiser "Bill" won't use,
But continues with his cruelty for fear that he might lose.
I, stands for ignorance which the Germans still possess,
Toward the fact that of the Kaiser we will surely make a mess.
S, stands for Sammie who drills with blisters on his feet,
But when he meets the Kaiser he will hand to him de-feat.
T, stands for Tommie who is our Sammie's friend,
And when they are united they will make the Kaiser bend.
M, stands for memory which the "Y" will sure extend,
Unto our Sammies' relatives or to our Sammies' friend.
A, stands for angry which Kaiser "Bill" will be,
When he hears about the army we will send across the sea.
And last of all but not the least,
S, stands for "SANTA" in the far-away East,
So then buy useful presents and send across the way,
That our brave, brave boys in France may have a Christmas day.

—W. H. OLIVER.

Our Country

Never in any crisis has the demand been so intensified fo minds keenly poised and balanced, for thinking concise and conservative, for hearts full of ardent patriotism and genuine sacrifice, than today. The demand is pressing. They are and always have been prerequisites of any success whether great or small. They are inherent forces largely governing the safety and welfare of our own great democracy, a country whose ideals are high, whose principles are firm and unassailable, whose social standards are mobile and approach the just, whose honor, which as long been the subject of intense encomium, is, to the heart of every true American, a sacred trust. That we are at war to defend this trust with the most predaceous, inhumanly cruel enemy mankind has ever known, this realization, we hope, has become the impelling force for every action, deed or thought of each one of us. Every little thought and deed for our country has its inspiring and exemplary effect. Our president's late speech leaves no doubt whatever as to our aims as a country. He has stated them concisely and exactly. It is now up to us to appreciate the nearness and the awfulness of this war and not attempt to exterminate this common enemy with one or three million man-power but by an earnest, concerted effort of the entire people.

It should be a privilege, not a duty to aid the cause of humanity and justice.

On the face of a German coin is a representation of Kultur holding a torch aloft, but, instead of lighting the course of real men onward and upward to aspirations and ideals, she has led rapacious brutes onward but downward, creating a veritable hell upon earth by her sedulous, malicious greed for power. Words are mere daubs of verbal point in describing the horrible atrocities of the Boche. That any perfectly sane being could have conceived such unspeakable measures is hard to comprehend, and too, they are not fables but dreadful realities. Says Dr. Perry, recently returned from the Western Front, "The frightfulness of the Germans was burned and seared into my very soul."

We can expect no mercy at the hands of such an enemy, and she is far from crushed despite the recent gains of the

Allies. Her coffers have been replenished by the wealth of other countries, her hunger appeased by food extorted from other lands. She has subjected other peoples, Russia is prostrate, Italy in the balance.

But—America's entrance, her clearly defined purpose are daily adding zest to the war. There can be no doubt that what she does and just how and when she does it will be the deciding factor in this carnage. When America strikes with the honest, concentrated effort of one hundred million loyal citizens, the blow will be shattering and decisive.

We are all helping wonderfully and, let us hope, sincerely. We Hooverize, we buy Liberty bonds liberally, we give to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and various other patriotic movements. But still we feel but little of the real pinch of war. Are we living just as we always have, our pleasures and indulgences unchanged or are we subordinating them to the best interests of our country? Our attitude largely determines whether we are on or under the load. Which are you?

Let us remember that we are fighting not just for our country but for humanity and God. If we have any disinterest or indifference we must lose it, we must learn the true meaning of sacrifice and use our minds, our bodies, our spirit and strength, our resources, wisely and intelligently in our fight for the common cause, humanity and the perpetuation of democracy, the world's noblest, most progressive and highest ideal.—EDITOR.

I tried to sing a comic ditty
One bright day this fall—
But some one took me for a "kittie"
And fired-a-brick-that's all—
Let's hope I'll go where things
————————are brighter,
In life I am a bum poem writer.

—Irvin Pollock.

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
And you'll never meet
Any regular guys.

—Royal Order of Night Owls, P. H. H. S.

ECONOMIZE

When our country is at war
And needs all it has and more;
Let us not deplete our store,
Let's aid the cause we're fighting for,
And economize.

The boys are fighting over there,
They need all that we can spare
So we all will do our share,
We'll cut down the bill-of-fare
And economize.

Do not waste, for that helps the Hun
To gain an undeserved place in the sun,
So when we, this awful war have won,
Let it be said that every daughter and son
Economized.

NOTHING LEFT FOR IMAGINATION

You may talk about heaven and angels,
    Which would be the most beauteous sight,
Or of flowers and sunshine and maidens,
    Or the full moon and bright stars at night.
You may speak of a glimmering landscape,
    Or of spring, or the nightingale's song.
You may even see yourself in Hades
    Where Satan and wee devils throng.
We may picture ourselves in Hawaii,
    Or down in our own sunny south,
Where there's one thing to do, that's "be happy"
    And "plant two-lips" on some Vampire's mouth.
But there's one thing that we can't imagine,
    There's one thing we never can tell,
And that's that we saw Wilhelm reposing
In Heaven, on Earth or in Hell.

Who?

For days and days it had been a puzzle, a mystery. What could be the matter? Was it some undiagnosed, unanalysed disease? Did he have a case on a new girl, or what? Many were the questions asked, frequent the discussions, long the study, but all of no avail. A conclusion could not be reached.

Ordinarily bright and wonderfully gifted with an invincible line with which he easily acquired an influential position in the Economics Class, noted especially for his essay, which received widespread attention, "The Logic of Job and His Boils" or "The Relation of Chaucer to the Senior," this one lad had readily bored his way into the attentions of the whole school. So popular yet so wretchedly afflicted. Often how adverse are the fates, how fickle the gods! Whom they wish to destroy they first make mad, and so it seemed. Throughout long days he could be seen walking thru the halls in a seeming trance, mumbling something inaudible to himself. What that something was remained long a question, until finally, when the nerves of every one were so tense and all were so overstrained, a good friend of his plucked up enough courage to ask what the matter was and what he was mumbling to himself. Why nothing was the matter and he was only saying over to himself,

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote,
The droght of Marche hathe perced to the rote, etc."
(Who was the victim, we ask?)

—W. H. SIMMS.

"OUR EDITOR"

Our editor is a boy with brains.
I'm sure you'll all agree,
If you knew what study, care, and pains
He's used for you and me.

Many a party and function gay
He's missed for the "Student's" sake.
When asked to attend, he'd simply say,
"I've an outline to make."

Many a time he worked 'till midnight
To compose a little theme,
And we ought to feel it with all our might
And hold him in high esteem.

—HELEN CANFIELD, '18.

A Happy Mistake

The winter had burst with all its fury in order to usher in a fitting yule tide, but as the roaring fire cast its cheerful glow across the room the thought of winter was for a moment banished. There, for custom had grown to be a habit, sat a man whose temples were slightly tinged with gray and whose stern face wore an expression of loneliness. His half burned cigar, held listlessly in one hand, emitted a soft curl that blended into an atmosphere of far away thought. And then, fearing lest meditation should become overpowering, the old man drew himself up, coughed with difficulty and resumed his evening paper. As he slowly perused the stock market and then the black headlines, a sense of dissatisfaction crossed his face. But glancing thoughtlessly down a column, the eyes of the reader seemed for a moment to blur and then seizing the paper with both hands he read half aloud "George Melville Marvin."

The events of three years were reviewed in a moment. Once again he shakes the hand of life's pride, his son, as he embarks upon a college career. He again hears of honors and football achievements. His heart swells with pride, and then comes the terrible moment when his expulsion is read. Gambling and midnight lunches were not included in the Jersey college routine. With stern renunciation of such an heir he again expells him from home forever.

But now, here with a list from the battlefields of France, he faces his own son. A father's tender compassion, which overlooks all mistakes overcomes him; but it is too late. Something sticks in his throat and his head falls heavily upon his chest. How long he sat he does not know, but as he arose from before the dying embers he reads half unconsciously the heading of the column: "The following have been released on a furlough of three months."

—PHIL. D. AMADON.

Our Library

On February 13, 1913, the first books for the Library were accessioned. At the end of the year 1913, there were nine hundred books in the library. This year there are one thousand seven hundred eight books accessioned and many more ordered. The library is growing in size. Is it growing in use? Let us see:

1916-1917

Circulation, Oct. 211 books. References, Oct. 76.

1917-1918

Circulation, Oct. 605 books. References, Oct. 353.

Last year the library was open before and after school only. This year it is open all day and many students spend their study hours there, where it is perfectly quiet and where they can immediately get any information on the subject they are studying. Think of the numerous trips to the public library which our own has saved! Many are the times that students have escaped eighth hour classes by hastily looking up a reference between times.

Are we proud of our library? We have cause to be for it is only in its infancy—yet how rapidly it grows! But our enthusiasm needs to be kept up. Our library must continue to flourish for the library is the means by which the intelligence of a community is rated. We are a miniature community and we have a very miniature library in our midst. Let us be progressive and make our library such a one that it will be a credit to our wide-awake, ever-increasing body of students.—Librarian.

Note—Thru the "Student" we wish to express appreciation to the Board of Education and the Librarian, of the student body, for this much needed factor in our school.

Miss Chapin—"John, I simply can't understand these problems you bring in. I shall have to write a note to your father."

John McLauchlin—"Pa will be awfully angry."

Miss Chapin—"I suppose so, but it is my duty."

John McLauchlin—"Better not—Pa does all my problems for me."


Mutt and Jeff
"Nuts"
Salute
Two high
Ours
Going up.
Peggy
Some fight.
Slow and steady.
Two of a kind
M. L. D.
Who is she?

To Give or Not to Give

A bright and cheery fire blazed in the fireplace of the Alton Y. M. C. A. building, casting its ruddy rays on the faces of the group gathered 'round. A typical crowd of high school boys were talking about things in which they were interested. One, a serious appearing chap, Omer Wheeler, who because of his glasses was dubbed the professor, spoke up, "If those Russians give out and release the German army on that front, our soldiers are going to have a heck of a time in France." "And what do you know about it, professor?" and "Tuffy" Jones cut off a lengthy discussion on the war. "We're going to have some game Saturday. Those Oakwood boys beat Dayton 23 to 12 and Dayton has some team," was the authentic information of "Happ" Craig, the football captain and general leader of the gang. "Come on over to Casey's and beat him out of some Hershey bars," was the tempting bit of "Fat" Slucher.

"Hello there, Mr. Adams." The boys' secretary coming in from supper, brushed a few flakes of the first snowfall from his coat. As he approached the fire, the boys noticed that his usually smiling face bore a seriousness, half of doubt, half of perplexity. "Cheer up, Mr. Adams, have you lost your pocketbook, or has your pet cat died?" "Why?" "Because you look cheerful as a hearse." "No, I was just wondering how best to approach you fellows on this war proposition. You have all heard of the war work of the Y. M. C. A. and probably know the country is going to raise $35,000,000 for this cause. Alton's share is $10,000 of which the boys will be expected to raise one-tenth, about $10 apiece for each boy. Can we find one hundred boys willing to give the Kaiser a ten dollar blow!" Briskly crossing the room and entering the office, Mr. Adams closed the door that he might not hear the expressions his announcement might bring forth.

"Phew! What put that into his head?' and "does he expect to get it?" were a few of the individual queries. "Well, he should expect to get it. If I couldn't raise ten dollars toward winning this war, I'd go and shoot myself," emphatically declared the "professor." "But, that don't apply to us," re-

torted "Tuffy." "So long fellows," and one by one the crowd left for their respective homes.

The next few days being filled with thoughts of the approaching game, the boys gave very little attention to the Y. M. C. A. campaign. With Saturday came a day even brighter than had been hoped for. Old Sol, tho high up in the heavens, beamed down on Alton athletic field. The very spirit of the occasion shown on his bright countenance, as it did on the faces of all the crowd. The referee's whistle sounded clear and strong across the field. Immediately fourteen husky youths sprang into action, smashing into each other as did the knights of old. Following them came the men of the backfield. Some plunging, some skirting the wiggling mass of enthusiasm, and all being dragged down by others 'till the same whistle called a halt, and the mass was separated to find the ball on the thirty yard line from Oakwood goal. Quarter by quarter the excitement grew 'till in the fourth quarter the score stood 0 to 0. Again the whistle blew. Again the crash of striking bodies. Again the mass of arms, and bodies, legs and heads were separated into separate players. The ball was still in possession of Oakwood. It was evident that another line plunge was planned. "Signals 2-1-3-1-4, Flash—The ball passed from center to the quick witted quarter back, then to the right half who accompanied by his left half, plunged into the gap made by their guard. But too bad for them; "Tuffy" had them and in less time than it takes to read this account, the ball had passed from their arms to the affectionate embrace of "Fat." Cheers upon cheers burst forth. At least defeat had been averted. Victory now meant carrying the ball down 75 yards of field thru that opposing line.

"Rah, Rah, Rah, Alton High,
Beat 'em up, fight 'em down,
Stick 'em in the eye."

The somewhat destructive, but yet inspiring school yell came ringing across the field, and bringing courage to the tired eleven. "Signals 16-21-1-2-3." Zip, our quarter had it, Bang,—the ball sailed up and over, describing a parabola over the heads of the players. Quick as the pigskin itself, Oakwood's back was after it. But quicker yet was "Happ" who caught it, for a complete forward pass. No sooner had it touched his arms, than he was off down the field with only

the opposing full back between him and the goal posts. On, on they ran. The gap between them, at first little more than arms length, seemed to neither close nor widen. Excitement was intense, too strained for cheer or yell. From the side lines it could not be told which runner was winning. The decision for the whole game rested on this one play. Line after line was crossed. The fingers of the Oakwood players could all but touch "Happ's flying heels. Closer, closer approached the back. Larger, larger, grew the goal posts. Thud, a tackle had been made and both players plunged headlong. Picking himself up "Happ" showed the ball to be a safe half foot across the line. And as the score keeper chalked up Alton 6, Oakwood 0, the whistle blew. The game was over and a victory for Alton.

With Monday came the usual hilarious feeling which invariably follows the winning of any great game. It was with this spirit the boys filed into the special Mass Meeting which had been called. Noise everywhere. School songs, class yells, individual cheers rattled the walls 'till the roof was in danger of shaking off. "Your attention, please," Supt. Keeler stepped forward on the platform. "This meeting has not been called to celebrate last Saturday's game, but rather to prepare you young men for a much more serious game, that of warfare. No, I am not asking you to jump into the trenches and fight. I do think, however, that some of you would sooner do that, than what we now ask, that is, for you to give up your time and needless pleasure for those who do fight. I therefore say, lend Mr. Adams, of the local Y. M. C. A., your greatest efforts in putting this campaign across. Mr. Adams."

In a few words the secretary brought home a graphic picture of life in the training camps and trenches, the sacrifices made by the soldiers and finally of their godsend—the Y. M. C. A., and closed with an appeal to the boys to help in the great humanitarian movement.

A great silence reigned thru the hall which so few moments before had been the scene of such bedlam. School songs no longer were to be heard. The class yells had died away. Unconsciously to all the crowd of happy, carefree boys had changed to one of deep thought. In the mind of each boy a battle was being waged. "I ought to give this $10.00. Yes, I guess I will. No, I guess I won't. Can't afford it. I suppose

I could earn it, but that would spoil my fun. O, I should worry, someone else will do it.

"Fellows," the stillness of the room was broken by the voice, not of an orator but of a youth eager to speak for a noble cause. "Fellows, I guess I like candy, girls and shows, as well as any of you. So does my brother, but he can't have them down at Waco, so I guess it's up to me to give him something to do right there. The "professor" was right a week ago. We are all slackers. I'm going to get out of this class, and so should you. If you don't, you're worse than that. Come on fellows, sign up with me."

Like a great explosion was the cheering which broke forth from the silence of the room. The boys of Alton had taken the stand taken by so many of the nation's high school boys, and had crowded behind them their selfish desire in their effort to make the life of someone else more noble.

—A. ROSS FOX.

FRESHMAN RECEIVES A —

The day at last had ended,
'Twas one of work and toil.
His ways he'd somewhat mended
And his brain was in turmoil.
For there on his report card,
Appeared a mark so strange
That he had to have assistance
To keep his chest in range.

Just see his paddies tremble,
As he shows it to his chum.
And watch the bunch all scatter
As he shouts to them "By gum,
At last I've proved my knowledge,
My leadership you see.
I'll be THE star at college,
For I've received a—D."

—E. SCHUMAKER.

Miss Northrup to M. Schweitzer, "What else has Bob Farr figured in besides the House?"

Helen Canfield (Reading)—"Dog show." (Laughter.)



Student Calendar

Sept. 10.—School started, Oh joy.

Sept. 11.—Seniors made a visit to the auditorium to see how they had looked four years ago. Green was the landscape.

Sept. 13.—First Senior class meeting. Real exciting.

Sept. 17.—Student staff appointed. An awful mistake. (I'm assistant editor.)

Sept. 27.—Seniors gave a banquet for "Corbin" and "Tubby."

Oct. 2.—Half holiday to see Maccabee parade.

Oct. 6.—Defeated by Saginaw, 20-14. Hard luck.

Oct. 11.—Seniors were sleepy after Red Cross Cabaret.

Oct. 12.—Seniors entertained "Freshies." Some party.

Oct. 15.—Elmer Hess (the great violinist) left school. It nearly broke our hearts.

Oct. 17.—Eighth hour began. Curses.

Oct. 20.—Defeated Lapeer, 25-0. We couldn't help it.

Oct. 22.—Dramatic club was organized by Miss Hartsig. 'Nuff said.

Oct. 25.—Lucille King fell downstairs, it didn't hurt her much. How could it?

Oct. 26.—"Doc" Crissman spoke at a mass meeting. Pep! Sophs had an exclusive party.

Oct. 31.—Clara Reid skipped chemistry lab. (We couldn't believe it of her).

Nov. 1.—A dog visited Mrs. Naumann's German 5 class.

Nov. 9.—Juniors entertained themselves.

Miss Hartsig went to Ann Arbor.

Nov. 13.—Emery Stringer had a wave in his hair. He "said" it was natural.

Nov. 16.—Fourth hour English class gave "A Dreadful Boy."

Ross Fox put some charming poetry on the board.

Nov. 19.—Eddie Goldman wore Anna's wrist watch.

Pupils went to see "Corbin" and "Tubby" leave for Camp Custer. Some send off at 6:20 a. m.

Bennett Langtry's coat caught on fire. Why?

Nov. 20.—An agent called Miss Hartsig, "Little Sister." Little did he know her.

Nov. 21.—Mr. Hungerford forgot to go to his Physics class. As per usual.

Nov. 22.—Lena Hodder taught chemistry class. Some teacher. We couldn't tell her a thing.

Nov. 23.—Seniors were to entertain their parents but only three appeared. Very significant.

Nov. 26.—Elmer Chamberlain got 70 in his Virgil test. Often how unjust are the fates.

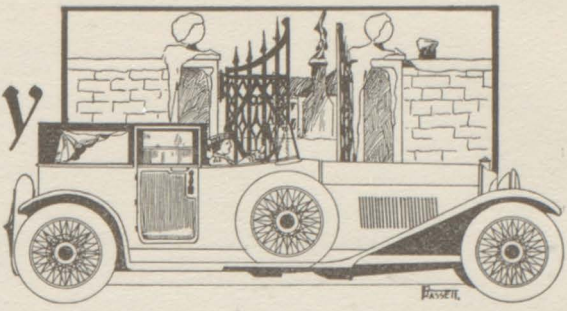
Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving vacation. No drudgery for three days. What a relief!

—HELEN CANFIELD.

WHO WOULD HAVE THUNK IT?

Ambitious—Irvin Pollock.
Bashful—Bob Farr.
Cut-Up—Dorothy Stephenson.
Dignified—Hildegarde Blunt.
Early—Dorothy Major.
Flunked!—Warren Simms.
Girls—Lloyd Lawrie.
Hustler—Vance Sickles.
Industrious—Ashford Meno.
Jolly—Amos Snyder.
Keen—Thelma Bolio.
Lazy—David Watterworth.
Mirthless—Lucile King.
Nervous—"Happy" Clark.
Overworked—Bennet Langtry.
Puny—Helen Jenks.
Quiet—Edward Goldman.
Rude—Jessie Upp.
Studious—William Duff.
Truthful—Leo Rubenstein.
Unsociable—Gordon Tappan.
Vicious—Violet Crawford.
Wicked—Nina Pratt.
Xantic—?
Yielder—Helen Endlich.
Zealous—D. J. McColl.

Society News



SENIOR-FRESHMAN PARTY

At the close of the afternoon session Friday, October 12, the Seniors entertained the Freshmen. Nearly all the members of both classes were present. Dancing was enjoyed from 3:30 until 5:30, with Marjory Browne at the piano, Elmer Hess at the violin and Irving Bell at the traps. During the intermissions the guests were entertained by Helen Canfield, reciting "A Hallowe'en Guest," by Lloyd Lawrie, who in Scotch costume gave selections on the bagpipes and by Emery Stringer and Philip Amadon, who rendered selections on the Ukulele and Hawaiian Guitar. The members of the faculty were invited guests, while the chaperones for the afternoon were, Miss Chapin and Miss Northrup.

SENIOR ELECTION

After a spirited campaign the Seniors met on September 20, to hold their election. Several candidates were presented for president, but everyone was greatly pleased when it was announced that Robert Farr had received the majority of votes. Mr. Farr has been an active member in the House of Representatives since his entrance in high school, a member of one of the debating teams and also has taken part in the Junior play. Lena Hodder, secretary of the class in its Junior year, was electer vice-president. The class was fortunate in electing Ross Fox for its treasurer and he has already proved to be "the beste beggere in his classe." Jean McCue was elected secretary. Miss Chapin and Miss Northrup were chosen class advisors.

JUNIOR ELECTION

On September 26, the Junior Class was called to order by the former Vice-President, Helen Endlich, who presided over the meeting until the election of the president. The purpose of this meeting was to elect the following class officers for the school term: President, Ross Scupholm; vice-president, Mary Schuberth; secretary, Helen Barrett; treasurer, David MacTaggart and sergeant-at-arms, Thomas Howard. The advisors chosen were Miss Brown and Miss Hughes.

JUNIOR PARTY

Noticeable among the social events of the year was the Junior party, which was held in the high school, Friday, November 9.

About fifty Juniors arrived at 5:30. Almost immediately, a supper contributed by the boys and girls, was served at a table decorated for the occasion. After this followed dancing, fortune-telling and a program of games. A novel feature of this was the Elopement-Race, during which two members of our faculty, Miss Hughes and Miss Brown, ran off with two of our classmates, Fred Adams and Russell Norris. These couples presented the spectators with sticks of peppermint candy.

As the hour hand pointed to nine the company dispersed.

SOPHOMORE ELECTION

The class of 1920 held their first meeting of the year on September 28, 1917. A representative number gathered in Room E to elect their officers for the ensuing year. Vance Sickles, the previous president, presided at the meeting and an exciting election was held. The following were the officers elected: President, Eugene Lewis; vice-president, Lucile King; secretary, Marie Maurer; treasurer, Albert Hogan and sergeant-at-arms, Manville Pettengill. Ruth Sturmer and Charles Taylor were elected to represent the class on the Student Staff. Miss McRoberts and Miss Hartsig were chosen as advisors for the year.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

One of the most unique features of the social calendar this year was a party given by the Sophomores at 3:30, on October 26, in the high school building.

At the opening of the party Oliver Hanton, better known as "Harry Lauder" Jr., entertained the students with Scotch songs and dances. The rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing, to music furnished by Miss Freda Lehman and Mr. Irving Bell. Some of the teachers were present, Miss McRoberts and Miss Hartsig acting as chaperones.

Light refreshments were served and the party closed at 5:30 after a very enjoyable afternoon.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

"While there's Life there's Hope," and certainly there is life in the Freshman Class of 1917. The class has been organized and all of the officers have been elected. As yet the Freshmen have not partaken extensively in the social activities of high school life but give them time and then—?

FRESHMEN ELECTION

The Freshmen held their election late in September. Miller Killpatrick who was elected president at this meeting later resigned and Rowden Kilets was elected to fill the vacancy. Dorothy Orr, vice-president; Doris Green, secretary; Robert White, treasurer and Herbert Noll, sergeant-at-arms. Miss Muller and Miss Howard were chosen advisors.

FACULTY HONOR DEPARTING MEMBERS

On Tuesday evening, September 17th, the faculty of the Port Huron high school gathered at the "Pines" to honor two of their members, Mr. Corbin and Mr. Myers, soon to leave for training at Camp Custer. A dinner was served to them at six o'clock, after which they sang songs. The following was composed by one of the faculty members, Mrs. Naumann.

The song has a patriotic ring and we wish to congratulate the author:

BANNER OF FREEDOM

Words by Helen Farrand Naumann

Air—Portuguese Hymn

Hail, land of our fathers, blest home of the free!
We lift up our voices in homage to thee.
We praise thee; we pledge thee our faith, pure and true.
All hearts beat as one for the red, white and blue.

Fair flag of our fathers, thy folds are unfurled
In Liberty's name o'er the seas of the world.
We hail thee, our emblem, with joy ever new,
Our banner of Freedom, the red, white and blue.

Grant, God of our fathers, our Refuge and Stay,
To this, our loved country, Thy light on her way.
Strong foes may assail us; our heroes stand true
To Liberty's banner, the red, white and blue.

SENIORS HONOR MR. CORBIN AND MR. MYERS

Friday evening, September 28th, was the date chosen by the Seniors to entertain Mr. Corbin and Mr. Myers, at which time they enjoyed a 6 o'clock picnic supper in the high school.

Many responded in short addresses. At 7 o'clock the strains of the piano were heard and the company dispersed, only to meet again in the upper corridors where dancing was enjoyed until 9:30.

The chaperones for the evening were, Miss Northrup, Miss Chapin and Miss Hartsig.

On Friday afternoon, November 16, at 3:15, the football team, chemistry, physics and manual training classes gathered in the Senior session room to pay their tribute of appreciation to Mr. Corbin and Mr. Myers.

Mr. Corbin was presented with a wrist watch and service kit by his classes; Mr. Myers likewise with a kit and wrist watch by the football team and manual training classes. Both

responded in short addresses expressing their thanks, but regrets in leaving P. H. H. S.

On Monday morning, November 19, they left for Camp Custer on the 6:40 train. A large representation of high school students and faculty escorted them in autos from the high school to the Pere Marquette depot, and amid cheering and high school yells, they left to do their "bit" for Uncle Sam.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED

Mr. Theodore Anderson was greatly surprised when the members of the "House of Representatives" called at his home Thursday evening, September 27 to help celebrate his birthday. Music on the piano, guitar, violin and ukulele was the chief enjoyment of the evening. Following a birthday lunch, short talks were given by different members of the party. Mr. Anderson has been referee of the "House of Representatives" since its organization in the Port Huron high school.

ASSEMBLIES

The first of a series of assemblies given under direction of the Student Staff was held Friday, November 23. Dancing was the enjoyment from 3:30 until 5 o'clock with Marjorie Browne at the piano.

The parents of the Seniors were invited to visit the afternoon classes, especially on the days of the assemblies so they might stay and watch the students in "play as well as in work." We are sorry to say not more than half a dozen accepted the invitation, November 23, but sincerely hope the weather will be more conducive to a larger attendance at a later date.

The receipts of these assemblies are used to help defray the expenses of the "Student." They are profitable both socially and financially and well fulfill their purpose.

Miss Chapin—"Every time I get any money ahead for new clothes I have to give it to the Red Cross."

R. Fox—"Yes, and the price of barrels has gone up."



The alumni are the examples for the present seniors. We cannot help but feel their influence, although we may not realize it, when we do something just because the class before us did it. Each year the Seniors put into practice some new ideas but they always use some of those of the former classes. In this way the inuflence of our former schoolmates is brought to bear upon us.

Many of the alumni ignore the school after they succeed in getting through it. They seem to forget how many students there are left here to whom they owe their reputation, because of help received in tests and the like. They forget the dances and parties in which they took such joy when they were one of us. Sometimes they visit our assemblies but they usually look upon them with a patronizing air.

This is not true of the majority, however. There are many who still retain their interest in us even though they may have ever so many other interests. We have received letters from some of these, telling us how often they think of us.

If they could remember when they were on the Student staff and were begging for material, maybe they would have mercy on the present staff and send us a story. A letter from an alumnus is always interesting especially to the seniors who like to hear from places where they expect to be the following year.

Possibly they do not realize how they influence their former schoolmates or how they are admired and looked up to by them. Do you think "Sod" French realizes how many little freshman boys are holding him up as their bright star and are planning to be a baseball wonder like he was? Does

Mildred Carlisle think that there are numerous sophomore and junior girls dreaming of dancing like she danced in the senior play? Tom Gerry wrote wonderful poetry. Does he know how many meagre attempts to copy him have been sent to the student staff this year? We have also received drawings imitating some masterpieces of Max Colter's. Some junior and senior girls look back with envy to Leonie Beger's career as an actress. Each one thinks she will be the leading lady in her senior play.

All of these things show how the alumni of our school influences us and how it will influence the coming classes. If this was fully realized I am sure each and every alumnus would do his best to keep in touch with us.

Camp Custer,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
Dec. 1, 1917.

Dear Alumni Editor:

It is needless to say that I was very glad to get your card asking me to write you a note telling something of my life and work in Camp Custer. It was not the fact that perhaps my letter would be given a place in the "Student," but the fact that the people in the Port Huron high school who had grown so dear to me were still thinking of me even though the call of the nation had made it impossible for me to be associated with them in the class room.

My work here is very different from anything that I have ever been in. I am in Machine Gun Co., 337 Infantry. You may not know but in each infantry regiment there is one machine gun company. The men in this company get the same training as the soldiers in the infantry, and in addition they get the work with the machine gun. There are supposed to be eleven men to each machine gun, and in battle if the enemies artillery are able to locate it and put it out of business each member of the machine gun crew who survives is supposed to attach himself to the nearest infantry squad taking the bayonet from some unfortunate comrade and do his part with the regular infantry of his regi-

ment. That is why we are taught the use of the rifle and bayonet as well as of the pistol and machine gun.

The men in the machine gun company are fortunate in many ways since they are not supposed to do any trench digging or any guard duty both of which are considered irksome tasks. These privileges are probably made up for, however, by the fact that we are in what is considered the most hazardous branch of the service but at the same time one of the most interesting.

We are particularly fortunate in our company as far as officers are concerned since we have as fine a lot as any company in the service. Many of them have been in the army for many years so that they understand the war game thoroughly. They also know what military discipline is so that we never stop to argue as to the wisdom of a command but obey instantly to the best of our ability. The more promptly we obey the orders from our superiors the easier it is for us and the better our chances for promotion are.

I will not describe the barracks since we are all housed in typical army barracks, but I will say that we are comfortable, have enough to eat, and that our officers do everything they can to keep the men in good spirits. The latter being very essential to the making of a good fighting machine. It is really the object of all the training that we are given.

There is very little about the camp to amuse the men during their spare time. The Y. M. C. A., however, is doing a wonderful work in furnishing rooms for the men. Many of the boys spend most of their evenings at the Y's, I seldom go since I study most of my spare time and practice using my rifle.

What I have said will perhaps give you an idea of my work and also remind you that I often think of my friends in Port Huron and hope that after we have finished with Kaiser Bill that Tubby and I may come back and take up our work again in Port Huron.

Very sincerely yours,

BYRON S. CORBIN.

Machine Gun Co., 337 Infantry.

ODE TO MYERS

When the call was sounded,
For brave men far and near,
There went from Port Huron High School,
One whom we all held dear.

We'll miss him on the gridiron,
And on the diamond, too,
For he is at Camp Custer,
To fight for the Red, White and Blue.

He may go into the trenches,
Or be stationed with the flyers,
But he will know we're giving
Three big cheers for Myers.

—GORDON HILL.

Camp Custer,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Students of P. H. H. S.:

Camp Custer is a government cantonement which will house about forty thousand soldiers and the size of it would surprise most of you unless you had been here to give it the once over. It is about six miles in length and four in width; a large city built up within a very few weeks. There are about two thousand buildings, barracks, heating plants, Y. M. C. A.'s and others. Each baracks will house about two hundred and fifty soldiers or one company with a Mess hall in connection. We call each meal mess and there is no silver or china.

All of the buildings are steam heated from about twenty heating plants, and the buildings are warm and nice, with hot water for shower baths.

The Y. M. C. A. buildings are the recreation place for the soldiers and if the people at home knew of the good they are doing there would be no trouble about raising money for the Y.

Each soldier is furnished with a bunk, straw tick, three

blankets and full equipment of clothes. The first thing a soldier has to do after his arrival is to take his tick and go to the nearest straw pile and fill it and then make up his bunk.

The morning roll call is called reveille. Then comes mess and then drill until eleven-thirty, then mess again and drill until four-thirty. At four-thirty we have roll call or retreat or the lowering of the flag and bidding it good-night.

The Port Huron boys are divided. Some are in the Artillery, Infantry, Machine Gun Co. and Depot Brigade, but I guess they are all satisfied and happy.

I could tell lots more about the gun pits, target practice, etc., but will save the rest until later.

I am wishing the Senior Class and the "Student" the best of success. With regards to all, I am

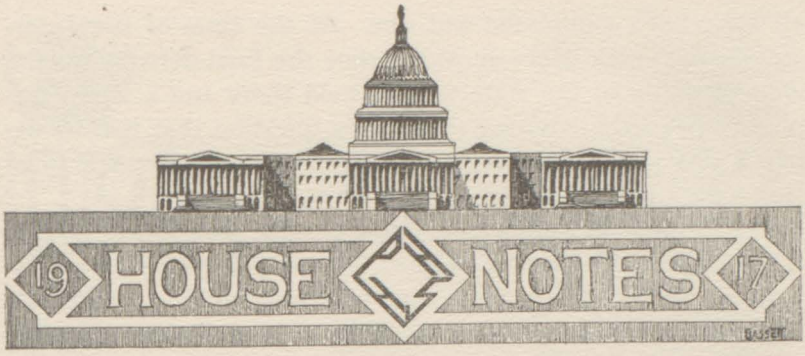
Yours truly,
M. J. MYERS (TUB).

9th Co., 3rd Bu., 160 Depot Brig.,
Camp Custer, Mich.

PATRIOTISM

P is for peace which we all hope is near,
But never as long as there're Germans to fear.
A stands for autocracy, which surely must fall,
Ere our freedom will vanish and be ne'er more at all.
T stands for the tyrant, you all know who,
And from him it is certain, for peace we won't sue.
R stands for republic, the strongest of all,
And we must take care, lest it may fall.
I stands for indulgence in Liberty Bonds,
For send money we must, or we'll surely be downed.
O stands for outrageous, the acts he has done,
You know whom I mean, Kaiser Wilhelm the Hun.
T stands for the treaty which was broken, alas,
And the outcome of which will make Wilhelm run fast.
I is for independence, which is supreme,
And for which our forefathers fought like fiends.
S stands for the saving of sugar, meat and flour,
For, to feed all our troops, we must do all in our powr.
M stands for money and in many places 'twill fit,
So please do your part and sacrifice a bit.

—DOROTHY M. STEPHENSON.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The Port Huron High School House of Representatives began its sixth session by holding the election of officers. The following representatives were honored:

Speaker—Rep. Philip Amadon.
Clerk—Emery Stringer.
Treasurer and Asst. Clerk—Rep. Clele Matheison.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Rep. Carlton Robinson.

Before choosing any question for debate, numerous bills and resolutions were introduced. A great amount of interest was aroused in the resolution of Rep. Amadon, which provided that the House go on record as opposed to the deeds and sayings of Senator LaFollette. This, after great discussion, was finally passed. Later Rep. Anderson issued a counter resolution and although "Andy" argued the case for the senior senator from Wisconsin well, he was unable to make the House change its original decision.

But the real work of the house was started when the Economics Class of the school challenged them to debate the question, "Resolved, That the United States Government should control production, consumption, and prices of all economic necessities." The House will argue the affirmative. The debate will occur sometime after Christmas.

The House is also trying to make arrangements to enter the Michigan State Debating League, which has been recently organized and is under the direction of Mr. Immel of the Department of Oratory and Public Speaking of the University. The state is to be divided into four districts and in each, debates will be held between the different numbered schools until

all have been eliminated but one. At the time of the Inter-Scholastic Track Meet at Ann Arbor the final debates for the championship of the state will be held there and a silver trophy awarded the winning team. The question that will be debated this year in the league is, "Government Ownership of Railways," constitutionality waived.

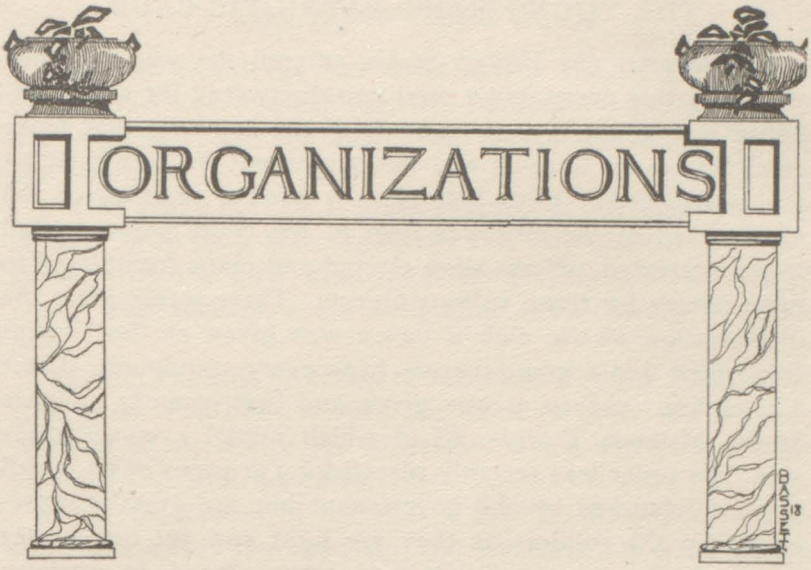
The membership of the "House" this year is the largest it has had for the past four years. On every Tuesday afternoon at least forty fellows have met together in Mr. Anderson's room to debate and to discuss bills and resolutions that are of interest to any true, live, red-blooded American at present. In doing this without any apparent effort on their part, they have received training and knowledge in parliamentary law and procedure that will be of great value to them at all times. But, even greater they have regained the ability to be able to talk forcibly and to the point. Besides all of these things it has given them a command of self and English that they could not have gained otherwise.

The House needs more live members as does every live organization.

You fellows of the school who think you know what school spirit is, who may even believe that you are always willing to step into the place where you are needed, fulfill this duty to the school, the House of Representatives and to yourself by availing yourself of this opportunity of showing it. Join the House of Representatives before sunset.

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

Oysters, half baked—Normile Gerrie.
Noodle Soup—"Soupy" Sovereign.
"Red" Radishes—Ross Fox.
"Green Olives"—Rudolph Kruger.
Chicken—Marjorie Ballentine.
Giblet Gravy—Beatrice Gray.
Mashed Potatoes—LeVange Kimball.
Cranberry "Punch"—Ashford Meno.
"Nut" Salad—Manville Pettengill.
Celery Sticks—E. S., D. M., P. A., C. R.
Plumb Pudding (with Apricot Brandy)—Bennett Langtry.
Salted Nuts—R. Farr and G. Hill.



JUNIOR PATRIOTS

At the outbreak of the war a society known as the Junior Patriots and made up of the young girls and women of the city, principally high school students, was organized.

They work in co-operation with the Red Cross in a financial way. Their aim is each month to give an entertainment, the proceeds of which together with the monthly collection of pennies, are turned over to the Red Cross. So far their efforts have been well rewarded.

At a recent meeting held in the Maccabee Temple the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Helen Sliter; Vice-President, Dorothy Tennant; Secretary, Lena Hodder; Treasurer, Bain Hill.

Now is the time when there is something for everyone to do and no one is or should be willing to neglect his part. Thus by being a member everyone makes himself useful in just **one** more way.

The organization is anxious to increase its membership and all those interested are cordially invited to join. There is, however, one requirement—One must be a member of the Red Cross.

So join the Red Cross **now** and be a Junior Patriot.

THE YOUNG MEN'S PATRIOTIC CLUB

Soon after the United States entered the war and men were enlisting every day a need was discovered for an organization that could give them some of the comforts that make camp life more liveable and yet might not be furnished by the government. With this idea in mind a meeting of the young men of the city was held in the court house for all those interested, officers were elected and plans formulated to raise money for these various objects. Three weeks after the organization of the club a dance was given at the Gratiot Inn which was a great success from every standpoint. Later a moonlight excursion was given and just recently a dance at the Masonic Temple, all of which netted a considerable sum. An order was recently placed for 150 paper vests which are not furnished by the government but are greatly appreciated by the soldiers as they are light and yet are a very warm article of apparel. Baskets were placed in various stores, with signs asking for contributions of tobacco, cigars, etc. These were collected at various times and the tobacco sent to the soldiers and some of it given to the troops passing here in trains.

Membership consists mainly of high school students but is open to anyone who desires to join.

Officers consist of an Executive Committee, Secretary and Treasurer. The present officers are as follows:

Executive Committee—P. Amadon, S. Smith, W. Willson R. Farr.

Treasurer—Gordon R. Maitland.

Secretary—David Watterworth.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, directed by Miss Edna Fraser started its fall drive at the beginning of this semester.

At the first meeting, the officers, who were elected to take charge of the financial and social duties of the organization were:

President—Grace Kishpaugh.

Secretary and Treasurer—Marguerite Baer.

The members are all working diligently that they may unite with the "Boy's Glee Club" later on to give a concert in the late winter or early spring.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Beyond doubt the loss most keenly felt by the student body in last year's school life, was the chorus. The glee clubs did not suffice, and the loss of the spring recital was felt by one and all.

This year's outlook is much brighter for the music lovers. A boys' glee club was organized this September, which together with the girls' club rehearses in chorus every Friday noon. The rehearsals are held after school every Wednesday.

Under the able direction of Miss Edna Fraser much beautiful music has been worked out, both patriotic and secular. A study of the composers is planned which will be profitable to pupil and audience alike.

The presidency of the club is held by Ross Fox. Carleton Robinson is the secretary and treasurer; Warren Simms pianist. The membership.

Alfred Browning
A. Ross Fox
Arthur Hamlin
Herbert Little
Leonard Little
Donovan Lewis
Fred Moore
Lewis McCall
John Pohl
Carleton Robinson
Lloyd Reid
Warren Simms
Ernest Strauss
Fred Stoudt
Amos Snyder
Bertram Seitovitz
Emery Stringer
James Wellman
Arno Pressprich
Bert McFadden

DRAMATIC CLUB

We are glad to announce that a Dramatic Club has been formed under the direction of Miss Hartsig and Miss Northrup. This has been received enthusiastically by the Juniors and Seniors who compose the club.

Already work is begun and parts have been assigned in Sheridan's "School for Scandal" which will be staged after Christmas. Early in the semester at the first meeting of the club, a constitution was drawn up, a try-out committee appointed and the following officers elected:

President—Marjorie Ballentine.
Secretary—David MacTaggart.
Treasurer—Emery Stringer.
Stage Manager—Milo Clarke.



Top Row: Assistant Coach McIntosh, Kleinstiver, White, Wright, Hartson, Rubenstein, Meno, Coach Myers
Middle Row: Bonnett, Moore, Watterworth, Capt. Clark, A. Carson, Sullivan
Bottom Row: Sickles, R. Carson, Caulkett, French, MacLachlan



ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

When school opened on September 10, there were a large number of prospectives for football anxious to get out as soon as possible and prove their mettle. Forty huskies, light, but very fast turned out to the call of Coach Meyers and Capt. Clark. Among this forty were eight veterans, Capt. Clark, Caulkett, Sullivan, French, Carson, Sickles, McLauchlin and Sawdon. Around this strong framework was built the best team which has represented our school for many years. A strong schedule was awaiting the team and they were fully prepared.

P. H. H. S., 39—Richmond, 6

As usual the locals opened the season at Richmond and administered to the team representing the same the worst trouncing ever given them by the local team. As no one was absolutely sure of a place as yet, every fellow played for all that was in him. If there was any star of the game mentioned it would probably be Sullivan. The first touchdown was made by Capt. Clark who took the ball on a line plungs over the top of the wriggling mass beneath him. The second was scored by French on a forward pass and the third by McLauchlin by the same means. During the last quarter French tore off a 20 yard end run for another score and three minutes before whistle blew, Clark scored on a cross buck. Caulkett succeeded in adding three points by kicking goal as many

times. Coach Myers was more than pleased with the showing and brought them back for a hard workout in order to give Saginaw a bit of opposition.

Saginaw, 20—P. H. H. S., 14

The locals had worked hard all that week and deserve much credit for their showing against Saginaw Eastern. Port Huron went on to the field outweighed twenty-five pounds to the man, and up against a team that had not been scored on for two years. At first it looked like a walk away for the big team, but the aspect soon changed. Saginaw scored by aerial route at the end of the first quarter and the locals scored in the second, French making an end run around the Saginaw crew. The first half ended a tie 7-7 and both teams came back onto the field determined. Gradually the big backs of Saginaw hammered their way towards our goal and finally succeeded in crossing, but before five more minutes had elapsed "Dink" McLauchlin was seen behind the goal posts with the ball which he had received on a fine pass from Caulkett. The score stood 14-14 until it was almost certain that it would end that way. Our boys fought gamely and held off the Saginaw onslaught until they were forced to give way, and two minutes before the whistle blew Saginaw scored the winning touchdown.

The locals played as one unit, a perfect game. The game was in reality a victory for Port Huron. They fought heavy odds, outweighed as has been said twenty-five pounds to a man, fighting a team whose goal line had not been crossed in two years, a team, which had eleven veterans and was in line for the state championship. During the third quarter Capt. Clark received a painful injury to his ankle which compelled him to leave the field and which bothered him the remainder of the season.

P. H. H. S., 7—Croswell, 6

After holding Saginaw as our boys had and then looking at this score, one would think that Croswell had a star team for their size, but such is not the case. We were scheduled to play the Flint Deaf Mutes at Flint on this date, but early

in the week they notified us that they could not stand the expense and had cancelled the game. Mr. Davis, at such a late date, could find no strong team with the date open and it was not until Friday a. m. that he announced Croswell. The locals were not in favor of going there, but rather than lay idle they did so. Half-heartedly and over confident they went into the game, nor did they wake up until Croswell had scored on them in the third quarter. Since ten minute quarters were being played there was not much time left for scoring. A march was started, however, and when the ball was taken to the ten yard line Caulkett went around end for a score and kicked goal.

Lapeer, 0—P. H. H. S., 26

Fully determined to redeem themselves for the poor showing at Croswell, our boys went into the game to show the home folks how they could fight.

The first quarter was featured by an intercepted pass by Watterworth, who was playing in Clark's half due to the latter's weak ankle. Lapeer tried a pass but it landed in Watterworth's arms and he had a clear field for a touchdown. The next quarter was rather slow, but French succeeded in placing the ball between the posts. Caulkett kicked goal and the half ended in Port Huron's favor, 13-0. The second half was all Port Huron's. Lapeer never was dangerous and the locals scored twice. McLauchlin speared a fine pass and Caulkett kicked another goal. In the last quarter the locals worked the ball to Lapeer's five yard line only to be penalized half the distance to their goal line, so that they were prevented from scoring another touchdown. When the whistle blew shortly after, Port Huron was on the long end of a 26-0 score. Every player felt convinced that he had redeemed himself.

Ypsilanti, 0—P. H. H. S., 0

This was one of the most closely contested games of the season and was played in the face of most disagreeable weather conditions. A rainstorm had covered the field with mud and water and a cold wind added to the discomfort of the players. However, it was a mighty interesting game and ex-

citement prevailed among the spectators at all stages of the battle. Surprising strength was shown by both teams.. Once "Buss" French of Port Huron advanced the ball to the two yard line with four downs to make the goal, yet the locals were unable to score and lost the ball on downs. Besides French, our ends, Sickles and Meno, starred for Port Huron while Knox, a colored lad, featured for Ypsilanti.

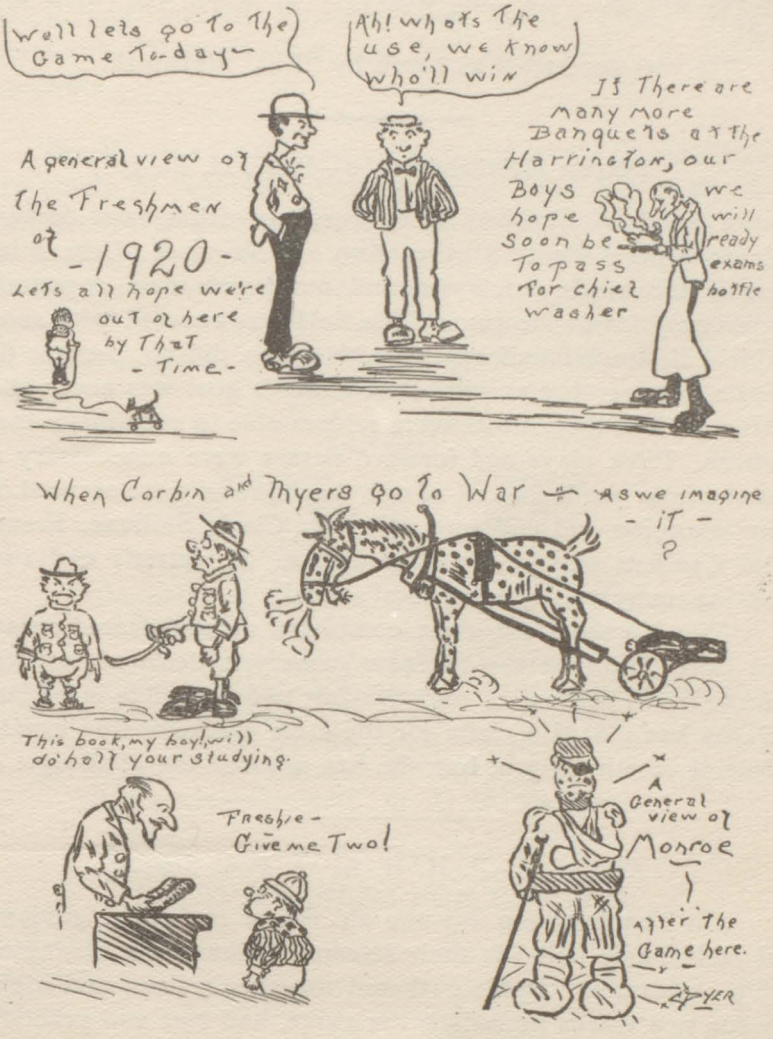
Monroe, 0—P. H. H. S., 18

Revenge was sweet for Port Huron after our disastrous defeat of last year by Monroe. This time the tables were turned when our boys walloped them to the tune of 18 to 0. Monroe came to Port Huron with a much heavier team and fully expectant of victory, but nevertheless Port Huron easily outclassed them. Caulkett, the local's quarterback, bewildered the visitors by uncorking a series of forward passes, trick plays, and end runs by which most of our gains were made. In the first quarter, French scored for the locals after intercepting a forward pass. Monroe twice intercepted passes and got away for long runs but were unable to score. During the second and third quarters respectively, Sickles and French again scored for Port Huron. Altho French was the star, due credit must be given every man on the local team for playing an excellent game.

Lapeer, 0—P. H. H. S., 12

For the second time this season, Port Huron defeated Lapeer High School, this time on Lapeer's own territory. The locals easily outplayed the Lapeer team and took the opportunity of trying out several new trick plays which were successful. Captain Clark and Meno featured for Port Huron.

This last game with Lapeer marked the final appearance of "Tubby" Myers on the coaching line for Port Huron. For the past eight years he has coached the Port Huron High School teams and during that time has endeared himself to every student. He was the kind of a man that a fellow might look up to and be proud to have as his friend. He gave his coaching services gratis, performed each task faithfully, lived the finest kind of a life, and instilled real spirit into the hearts


Well lets go to the Game To-day—
Ah! what's The use, we know who'll win
If There are many more Banquets at the Harrington, our Boys hope we will soon be ready exams To pass for chief bottle washer
A general view of the Freshmen of -1920-
Lets all hope we're out of here by That - Time -
When Corbin and Myers go To War — As we imagine - iT - ?
This book, my boy! will do all your studying.
Freshie - Give me Two!
A General view of Monroe after The Game here.
YER

of all who knew him. When his country called, he was just as loyal and went gladly with his usual initiative and willingness. Words are inadequate in expressing our appreciation of all he has done for us. We can only assure him that our hearts will go with him wherever he goes, and wish him well.

He was succeeded as coach by "Bill" McIntosh.

Detroit Northeastern, 0—P. H. H. S., 37

Port Huron finished its 1917 season with a most decisive victory over Detroit Northeastern. As in most of the other games the locals outclassed and outplayed their opponents at every point of the game. The field was covered with snow which, although handicapping both teams, did not prevent the locals from scoring at will. Port Huron's goal was never once threatened as the visitors were seldom able to even make their downs. Trick plays and forward passes were unnecessary as most of our yards and all of our touchdowns were secured by line plunging and end runs. Captain Clark, Sullivan, French and Caulkett starred for Port Huron, the latter's end runs netting many yards to the local's total.

The Northeastern game completed an undefeated season for Port Huron as the Saginaw game was declared forfeited to the locals because of their playing two ineligible men. Port Huron has placed a claim for the state championship against Detroit Northwestern, but she has ignored the challenge.

Alumni, 6—P. H. H. S., 13, Post Season

On Thanksgiving day the old timers under the guidance of Jack Duffie failed in their attempt to lower our championship aspirations. Duffie gathered together a team and nightly for two weeks preceding the game, had met and practiced at the "Y." Thus they were able to put a fairly good team on the field, but although they boasted a heavier team composed of former high school stars, they could not defeat this year's football aggregation. Duffie and Gordon featured for the Alumni, the latter scoring their only touchdown by the recovery of a fumble. Bonnett, Sullivan and French starred for the high school.

A spirited mass meeting was held the day preceding the Ypsilanti game. How much those lusty yells and those songs contributed to our school spirit! A truly inspiring meeting brim full of genuine enthusiasm! "Doc" Crissman's snappy, forcible talk "The Value of Football in the Game of Life," instilled "pep" into all. Superintendent Davis, "Tubby" Myers, and Capt. "Happy" Clark also lent some action to the atmosphere.

The Reserves was a team composed partly of substitutes and partly of regulars. Although they could not boast of a team comparable to the regulars, credit must be given them for having a team on the field every practice night and furnishing opposition to the first team. They participated in one game at St. Clair and were beaten by a score of 26 to 0. Norris and Rubenstein were the stars for Port Huron.

LINEUP

Regulars		Reserves
Meno—Sickles	R. E.	H. Hill
Sullivan	R. T.	Norris
Hartson—White	R. G.	Chamberlain
Bonnett—A. Carson	C.	Isbister—Goldman
Sawdon—Wright	L. G.	C. French
Clark—Bonnett	L. T.	Crimmins
Kleinstiver—McLauchlin	L. E.	Acheson—C. Hill
Clark (Capt.)—Watterworth	L. H.	Rubenstein
Meno—Moore	F. B.	Meno
French	R. H.	Dixon
R. Carson—Caulkett	Q. B.	R. Carson

POINT EARNERS FOR P. H. H. S.

R. French	60
Caulkett	39
Sickles	18
Clark	12
Sullivan	12
McLauchlin	12
Meno	6
Watterworth	6
Total points	165

"Sully" Sullivan, tackle for two years, the mainstay and

shining light of the line has been chosen for next year's captain. Congratulations "Sully."

FOOTBALL!

Kick 'em, bite 'em, siss! boom! bah!
Send the doctor bill to pa,
'Leven, forty, eighty-two,
Look out, Bill, he's coming thru!

Bust his ribs and break his neck!
Gee, kid I'm a lovely wreck,
Blow the whistle, call the doc,
The quarterback has lost his sock.

Buck the tackle; five to gain—
Whew! my collarbone does pain.
Fourteen, ninety, twenty-four,
Kick 'em in the nose once more.

Honest, "Hap," now ain't this great?
Cave his slats with all your weight.
Kick 'em, bite 'em, siss! boom! bah!
Ship my coffin back to ma!

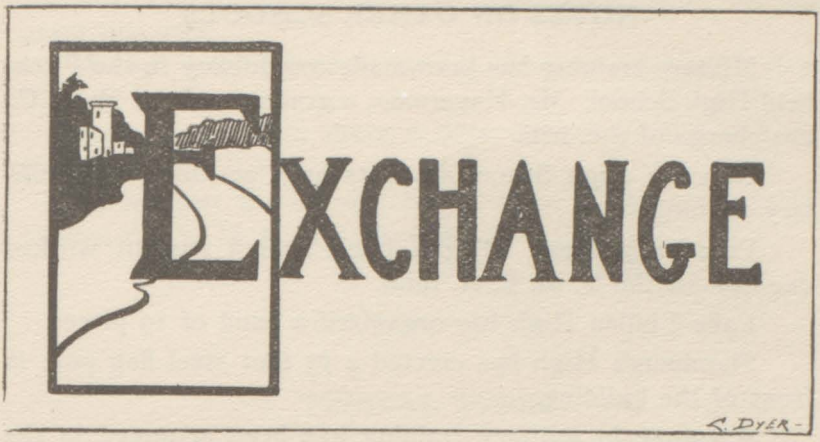
SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

For Wayne Montgomery—A ticket to the Majestic.
For Philip Amadon—A pass for each Sunday.
For Warren Simms—A smile from Rosamonde.
For "Yours Truly"—A bunch of good jokes.
For Miss Hartzig—Some good actors.
For Miss Northrup—A second "Chaucer."
For Entire School—One session a day.

If some of these jokes strike you as raw,
And aren't right up to the letter,
Just use the joke box, and stick out your jaw,
And help make the next one better.

—EDITOR.

House for rent with bath on car line, electric lights on the corner.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges, from which we have received many valuable ideas and suggestions. We hope they will come again:

"The Visila," Visali, California.
"The Almaian," Alma, Michigan.
"Lake Breeze," Cheboygan, Wisconsin.
"The Normal College News," Ypsilanti, Michigan.
"The Tattler," Marquette, Michigan.
"The Reflector," Jackson, Michigan.
"The Orient," Bay City, Michigan.
"The Central Digest," Chattanooga, Tennessee.
"Said and Done,"Muskegon, Michigan.
"Orange and Black," Elgin, Illinois.
"The Western Normal Herald," Kalamazoo, Michigan.
"The Pleiad," Albion, Michigan.
"The Pioneer," Grand Rapids, Michigan.
"Su-Hi," Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.
"The Rutherfordian," Rutherford, New Jersey.
"The High School News," Gilbert, Minnesota.
"The Tomahawk," Pontiac, Michigan.
"The Messenger,"Wichita, Kansas.
"The Comet," Milwaukee, Wis.
"Hillsdale Collegian," Hillsdale, Michigan.
"Marion High School Survey," Marion, Indiana.
"High School Life," Chicago, Illinois.
"The Carteret," Orange, New Jersey.

NOTES ON OTHER SCHOOLS

Military training has been made compulsory in the Fitchfield High School. Mr. Hagerman, a graduate of the M. A. C., has charge of the drill.

Hancock High School students have petitioned for military training.

Practically every Allegan High School student worked one day for the Y. M. C. A. fund.

Lake Linden High has organized a band of 19 pieces.

Stambaugh High has erected a 75 foot steel flag pole in front of the building.

A course in military training has been arranged in the Traverse City High School.

Every Detroit pupil from sixth grade up is to have military training.

Jackson will give a full credit unit for a four years' course in military training.

Sparta High School started out with an athletic association of one hundred members who pledged to pay one dollar a year toward athletics.

A Mt. Pleasant movie man is co-operating with the school officers and giving educational films every Friday night.

Over eight hundred Lansing school students have joined the athletic association.

Tekonsha is proud to have a 15 piece high school orchestra, a glee club of 25 voices, one of the best literary societies of any high school in southern Michigan. She also has a freshman class of 28, while there are 45 non-residents in the high school.

The Fraknfort High School has a Red Cross organization of 160 students.

Manton compels all high school students to take spelling. Two lessons a week are given.

Muskegon board authorizes the high school to conduct a course in military training.

The Cedar Springs High School class in telegraphy numbers 19.

A new athletic field has been laid out on the Harbor Springs school grounds.

Ludington High has the largest enrollment in its history.

Physical training and supervised study are part of the program this year.

A high school literary society has been formed at Reed City.

Iron River High takes a $100 Liberty Bond with the profits of their year book.

About 600 Muskegon High School boys raised $1,030 toward the Y. M. C. A. in one day.

TYPICAL TYPES

David MacTaggart—"I'm a Twelve O'Clock Feller."

Winnie DeGraw—"Whose Little Heart Are You Breaking Now?"

Vance Sickles—"Good Evening Mary Sunshine."

Madeline McCowan—"Where Do We Go From Here?"

"Sweenie" Hellwig—"If I Were As Strong as Samson."

Warren Simms—"Seein' Things at Night."

Louis Kleinsteiver—"There's Nothing Too Good For the Irish?"

Thomas Dillon—"I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm on My Way."

Adelaide Dart—"My Dearest I promise to share all your cares."

Ross Scupholm—"Yes, but my love, I have no cares."

Adelaide Dart—"Yes, but I mean after we are married."

Jean McCue—"Why do we have to make out new programs?"

Dorothy Tennant—"Well you see, you don't put down where you are when you are there."

Miss Howard—"Give the Latin for Fatherland."

Wm. Duff—"Germania."

Class—"Mob him!!!"



He—"On the street today, a very handsome young lady smiled at me."

She—"I wouldn't feel badly about it, there are some men who look even funnier than you do."—Ex.

Miss Trathen—"Name three things containing starch."

"Bright" Harris—"Two cuffs and a collar."

Miss Brown—"Ready for business; any one lost today?"

Harland Hungerford—"No, but a lot of us are at sea."

Miss Howard—"What happened in 1492?"

Helen Canfield—"That's funny, I don't remember."

ART'S OPINION

Rain falls upon the meadows,
And rain falls upon the sea,
Rain falls on all that's beautiful,
That's why it falls on me.

Mrs. Nelson—"Who were the canons in the early English religion?'"

Harold Hill—"They were the big guns of the church."

Miss Steglich—"What were the results of Nero's reign?"

R. Kilets—"The farmers were in need of rain, so it was a good thing for the crops."

Harold Richards—"Why is a side saddle like a four quart jug?"

Waldo Sturmer—"Because it holds a gal'on."

Miss Hovey—"Who was Julius Caesar?"

Morgan Benner (Dreamily)—"He was the King of Babylon."

Marjorie Neville (Day after special examination)—"Did I pass in German?"

Mrs. Naumann—"I'm sorry, Miss Neville, but the rules of the school will not permit me to tell you that you passed."

RED HAIR COUNTS

Visitor—"Who is your best pupil?"

Miss Northrup—"Ross Fox is the brightest."

Mrs. Naumann (In French II)—"Miss Reynolds, how many speeches have you in that scene I just moved you out of?"

Mr. Miller "When the sun (son) shines, heat is radiated."

Junior—"That's me."

Senior—"Yah—mostly hot air."

Miss Howard (History 7)—"The followers of Cromwell wanted to look different than those of the king so they cut off their heads."

Miss Northrup—"What wine did the shipman drink?"
E. Schumaker—"Johnny Walker Scotch, I guess."

Ross Fox (After collection of Senior dues)—"I can't walk, I've got so much on my hip."

J. Wellman—"Everybody take a piece of pencil and paper."

Soph. (Filling out enrollment blank)—"Shall I put down my session room teacher's name?"

Miss Stevens—"No, I don't care anything about him."

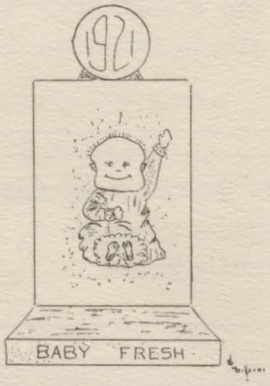
HUMAN NATURE

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." But half of the truth this reveals;

"If wishes **were** horses, the beggars **would** ride," and—wish they were automobiles.

Mr. Miller (In Physiography)—"What is the atmosphere'?"

Young Freshie—"It is a gravel barge; you can see it in Black River now."





If you've enjoyed this book,
Each story, skit and lay,
We'll invite you to another look
And see what makes it pay.
For in this part we have a lot
Of ads both great and small,
For every want that you have got,
They'll serve you one and all.
So read each one most carefully
And slight none as you pass,
And if you do this kindly,
We'll wish you "Merry Christmas."

P. D. AMADON.

BOOKS For Xmas GIFTS!

"A blessed companion is a book—a book that, fitly chosen, is a life long friend."

We have books of permanent value—Books for Christmas time and all the time. So many people, too, are going to send more Christmas cards this year. See our full stock arranged for convenient choosing.

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WATCHES - DIAMONDS - JEWELRY

Rings, Gold Clocks, Gold Jewelry, Gold Filled Jewelry. Our stock has been selected with great care, we surely can please you for that Christmas present. See us for 1847 Rogers' Silverware, Knives and Forks, Teaspoons, etc., Tea Sets, Trays, Waiters, Bake Dishes, etc. See our Dry Goods department for Yarns, Fancy Work, Slippers, etc., Underwear and Hosiery, Nightgowns, Parasols, etc.

HOFFMANN'S

619 Water Street Phone 1039

A. Meno.—"Well, I'm doing my best to get ahead."
Miss Chapin—"Heaven knows you need one bad enough."

FOSTER BROS.

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NONE BETTER

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THE BIG STORE ON THE CORNER"

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H. E. Runnels & Son

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LARGEST STOCK OF JEWELRY, WATCHES AND SILVERWARE AT POPULAR PRICES IN THE CITY

GET OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there he first fell into debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.—Ex.

"There's room at the top,"
Phil Amadon said,
As he placed his hand
On Eddie's head.

BROWN'S

FOR HOT AND COLD DRINKS
LIGHT LUNCHES

LOWNEY, ALLEGRETTI, UTOPIAN AND
FOSS'S CHOCOLATES

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Poultry and Oysters in Season

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ALL MAKE FINE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, ALSO
FINE LINE OF TOYS AT

D. M. CRONK'S

706 Lapeer Avenue

CURSES

The chewing of the gum is o'er,
The juicy wad lies on the floor,
Oh, curses on the player, slick,
'Cause to my sole that wad did stick.

—W. H. OLIVER.

Miss Northrup (In Eng. 7)—"When you read 'Chaucer' run your feet together."

A. CRAWFORD

BUILDING MATERIAL—Wholesale and Retail

—Manufacturer of—

ZAGELMEYER CAST STONE BLOCKS
AND SPECIAL CEMENT WORK

Phone 1452-F1



A knife and fork can't spoon, but a napkin.
If a beet will keep through, will a carrot?
A potato and a beet cantelope, but a pumpkin.
If one of our players got hurt, would a football?
If the P. M. train ran away, would the cow-catcher?

WANTED—A driver for a truck who can speak German.

THE TUNNEL DRUG STORE

When meeting or taking a train at the Tunnel Depot kindly bear in mind that I have the following:

KODAKS AND FILMS, LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES,
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THOMAS COOKE

—Maker of—

HIGH STANDARD PICTURE FRAMES AND FINE ART GOODS

ARTISTS' MATERIAL

535 Water St. Port Huron

Miss Chapin (Explaining positive and negative quantities to a freshman class)—"If I went two miles South, seven North, eight South and one North, would I be North or South of the starting point and how many miles?"

Class—"Two miles South of your starting point."

Bright Freshie—"You must have been after the cows."

An Engine You'll Never Forget

The great Chalmers engine, now featuring the current Chalmers car, arrived at a rare time in history.

Engineers never expect to see a high-grade gas again. In the face of this condition now comes the great Chalmers engine, which makes high power out of low-grade gas.

It makes "one drop of gas now do the work of two." When you step on the starter button in a current Chalmers, you get results right off. And you engine begins to run with mid-summer smoothness—no missing cylinders—no spitting—no hesitating—no backfire. To miss seeing the current Chalmers at our showrooms is to miss the most recent and most talked of car of the day.

BERT B. HYDE

HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

—AT—

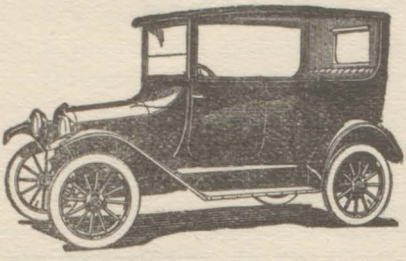
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REPUBLIC TRUCKS

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Also on Your Lawn, Flower Beds and Roses

C. B. Stock Xylite Grease & Oil Co.

Phone 1545 or 572 — Sold in Any Quantity

Blickity click the needle went,
A sweater for Jim was knit.
Upon the deck that sweater spent,
Its life removing grit.

Grace—"I told him he mustn't see me any more."
Her Brother—"Well, what did he do?"
Grace—"Turned out the lights."—Ex.

D. J. Stephenson Electrical Co.

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Foss, of Boston; Nunallys, of Atlanta, 10c to $5 per Box, Fresh by Express

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Earl B. Mackay & Company

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Just a mere 8th hour
After 7 of fun,
Is the "Freshies'" bower,
When the day is done.

There he sits and wonders
Why this must be so,
Because he's made no blunders
But worked so hard you know.

But the task is easy
And can soon be worked,
This poor lad is lazy
And his work has shirked.

—W. H. OLIVER.

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808 Military St. Port Huron, Mich.

Little Miss Knocker
Went to her locker,
To use her pink powder and puff,
But when she unlocked it,
And looked in her pocket,
She found she'd brought Granddaddy's snuff.

Freshie-Freshman sat in his sea,
Freshie-Freshman scuffled his feet,
And all his excuses and all his good looks,
Couldn't 'rase eighth hour off teacher's books.

DANCING

..Class and Assembly every week at the Masonic Temple.

Class instructions in all society dances conducted by Mrs. E. A. Wright, from 7:30 to 8:30 preceding assembly.

Class only, 25c; Class and Assembly, 50c.

Assembly, 8:30 to 11:30, 35c.

Future dances with (McKanlass) Himself and his Orchestra.

Christmas Night, Tuesday, Dec. 25.

New Year's Night, Tuesday, Jan. 1.

Monday, Jan. 7; Tuesday, Jan. 15, 22; Monday, Jan. 28; Tuesday, Feb. 5, 12.

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OF PORT HURON

220 Huron Ave. Port Huron

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Think of the gladness music would bring into your home—The world's greatest pianofortes—Steinway & Sons, Wm. Knabe & Co., Vose & Sons, Sohmer—and the famous Aeolian Player Pianos to entertain you and your guests—providing you arrange for yours now.

GRINNELL BROS.

"The Home of Better Pianos"

Everything in the Realm of Music Victrolas, Cabinets, Records, Etc.

223 HURON AVENUE

Miss Howard (Hist. 7)—"If the President, Vice-President and all the members of the cabinet died, who would officiate?"

James—"The undertaker."

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Mrs. Crane (After discussion over spelling difficult words)—"I think Mayor Mitchel of New York used to spell his name with two 'l's,' but nowadays he spells it with one 'l.'"

W. Oliver—"Oh, that's because somebody knocked the 'l' out of him."

H. Hill—"You heard about my dog swallowing a tape line by my bed?"

Elmer C.—"I suppose it's the old tale. He died by inches."

H. Hill—"No, I didn't want him to die by the foot so I took him behind the house and he died by the yard."

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E. Basset—"Say, Benner, is John Smith dead?"
M. Benner—"Either dead or living. I'm not sure which."



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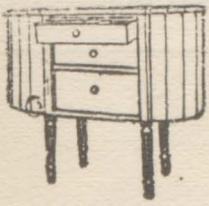
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I was sitting in the gallerie,
My feet were hanging in the orchestrie.—Longfellow.

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